

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

---

---

MARCH 5, 1938

## WHO'S WHO

ROBERT L. OTTO asserts that his career as a reporter on a Cincinnati newspaper has been brief. But seven years covering news of the churches, meeting priests and occasional bishops, being in close contact with the average layman qualify him for his self-imposed task of telling us what is wrong with us and arousing us to do something about ourselves. "Maybe some of the observations will be provocative," he writes. And then: "These observations will undoubtedly draw fire." Mr. Otto, we suspect, gauges his audience; he had better outfit that belfry about which he speaks. . . . LOUIS J. GALLAGHER was noted, in our issue of January 15, as a former director in succoring starving Russia, and as a former president of Boston College. In sending the article, he states: "I believe this piece is timely because this fellow Krylenko has been the spark-plug of all religious persecution in Russia for the past twenty years." . . . EILEEN DUGGAN, poet and literary critic, becomes the recorder of the pioneer past of her beloved New Zealand. At the celebration held February 26-March 5, Bishop Kelley, of Oklahoma City, represented the American Hierarchy. . . . GERARD B. DONNELLY has done much to popularize, through his series of articles in AMERICA and his lectures, the Eastern liturgies. May the movement started in the Capuchin church spread throughout the country. . . . NORBERT ENGELS, Notre Dame University professor, is himself as contagious as the well-beloved and well-remembered Charlie Phillips.

## THIS WEEK

COMMENT .....	506
GENERAL ARTICLES	
Silent Paralysis Creeps Slowly Over Us Robert L. Otto	508
New Zealand Celebrates a Centenary Eileen Duggan	510
Comrade Krylenko Has Also Become a Victim Louis J. Gallagher	511
Concelebration of the Byzantine Liturgy Gerard Donnelly	513
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF . . . John LaFarge	515
EDITORIALS .....	516
Homes and Slums . . . European Crisis . . . America Watchful . . . American Education . . . Labor Racketeers . . . Lynching . . . Temptation.	
CHRONICLE .....	519
CORRESPONDENCE .....	521
LITERATURE AND ARTS	
An Affectionate Remembrance of Charlie Phillips Norbert Engels	523
BOOKS .....	REVIEWED BY 525
Dom Pedro. The Magnanimous Alfred G. Brickel	
Insurrection versus Resurrection William J. McGarry	
A Son of Scotland . . . . . Catherine Murphy	
THEATRE .....	Elizabeth Jordan 527
FILMS .....	Thomas J. Fitzmorris 528
EVENTS .....	The Parader 528

---

---

*Editor-in-Chief:* FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

*Associate Editors:* PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

*Editorial Office:* 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

*Business Manager:* FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE.

*Business Office:* 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., March 5, 1938, Vol. LVIII, No. 22, Whole No. 1482. Telephone BARclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# COMMENT

---

---

MARCH FIRST, the gun was fired. The nation-wide Bias Contest is on. Catholic eyes, a little more alert than in pre-Bias-Contest days, are poring over the news columns, the editorials, the magazine pages for the anti-Catholic slanting that may be lurking there. All over the land scissors are slitting the clippings; pens and typewriters are forming the letters; envelopes are piling on the zipping trains that rush like mad from the cities and countryside to Editor: Bias Contest, 329 W. 108th St., New York, N. Y. March propaganda may come in like a lamb and go out like a lion, or come in like a lion and go out like a lamb. Lion-like or lamb-like, be sure not to miss it. March sometimes goes by faster than other months. Do not let any part of it flit by you before you start clipping. Clip in the beginning of the month, clip, clip, clip till the month's end. The more instances of bias you forward the better. The cash prizes are waiting for somebody. It may be you.

— — —

AERIAL bombardments are so frightful that any attempt to justify them arouses an instant and most natural resentment. Before, however, passing a condemnatory verdict upon the recent Spanish Nationalist bombardment of Barcelona and neighboring towns, it is only fair to note the Nationalists' own statement in this connection. Such a statement was recently made to this effect: "We bombarded, at Reus, an airplane factory; at Albacete, concentration of foreign military units; at Cartagena and Mahon, military fortifications; Barcelona contains more than 180 military objectives, among which we can count 14 batteries of artillery, 12 anti-aircraft batteries, 70 machine-gun batteries used against airplanes; 32 barracks, 23 munition storehouses, 3 airports, 68 munition factories, 5 poison-gas factories, 11 magazines for explosives." If but one per cent is true—and the figures are so far undisputed—it was not a case of mere wilful attacks on helpless civilians.

— — —

WHY the bombing of defenseless towns and villages by the British Government in India should be relegated to inside-page news without a head and similar airplane raids on the Spanish peninsula, especially of the Loyalist towns, to the front page with headlines, is difficult to justify. The real reason is not hard to surmise. Little has been said in our sadly-propagandized American press about the small-size war that Great Britain has been waging for the past year with some of the tribes in India. The justification of the war is not to the point. The point at issue is that little, if any, notice has been made of the airplane raids on defenseless Indian villages, not equipped with anti-aircraft de-

fenses as are Barcelona, Valencia and Tarragona. At last the inside-page-no-headline information is divulged that during the last nine months some 700 enemy tribesmen have been killed by such raids, and hundreds of others seriously injured. It is to be assumed as practically certain that no women or children were included in the list of Indian casualties. That special property of landing on women and children belongs exclusively to the Spanish "Rebel" bombs which after explosion are invariably found to have a German or Italian label on them. It is quite marvelous how prejudice can color the news.

— — —

WHAT has been the fate of law in the strange developments that have taken place in Soviet Russia? This matter is ably discussed in the *Fordham Law Review* for January, 1938, by Vladimir Gsovski, Assistant in Foreign Law in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. In the orthodox view of Marx and Lenin, law as such was completely condemned. Like the state, it was ultimately to "wither away." Goichbarg, the author of the Soviet Civil Code of 1922, said: "We refuse to see in law an ideal useful for the working class. . . . At the present time we have to combat the juridical ideology even more than the religious." Practically, however, it has been found impossible to drop the law and let it peacefully wither away. Conflicts of interests, instead of "withering away" have grown ever more acute as human nature has stubbornly reasserted itself. As Mr. Gsovski observes, conflicts are even sharper within the Communist party itself than among the population of the Soviet land. Soviet criminal law is a powerful weapon which "still hangs above Russia and strikes primarily the toilers in ordinary trials and the high ranking Communists in political trials." The "withering away of law" is now attacked as "opportunistic nonsense" and is called by State prosecutors Vyshinsky, Krylenko, Yudin and others a "subversive theory." But with all this, no return has developed as to recognizing the real soul of law, the recognition of rights. It remains purely the expression of an arbitrary dictatorship.

— — —

OBJECTION to the report of the Federal Maritime Commission submitted to the Senate Committees on Commerce and Labor was to be expected from certain leaders of the maritime unions. It would be surprising if they did not protest. The application of the Railway Labor Act to the conditions and requirements of the maritime industry would naturally rob some of the firebrands of the excessive power they exercise at present. They, consequently, balk at the possibility of having a set-up similar to



that which governs the Railway Brotherhoods imposed on them. It is ridiculous on the face of it to assert that a seamen's organization along the lines of the Brotherhoods would deprive the maritime unions of the right to strike. Such an assertion was never made by the railroad employes and obvious facts in the past refute the charge. No better organized union exists than the Railroad Brotherhoods, and their agreements under the Railway Labor Act have in no way proved detrimental to their interests. Their enviable position as a collective bargaining agency should be a stimulus to similar labor organizations and saner counsels among the seamen would do well to direct their efforts to emulate the universally respected Brotherhoods.

— — —

"GREAT BRITAIN and Italy" is the title of an editorial in the *London Tablet*, February 5, marked by an admirable temper and sound sense. The writer shows that while the imagined conviction of Ethiopian superiority after Adowa prevented schemes for such peaceful Italian penetration to safeguard its coast colonies, the English interests in Egypt and Somaliland were best served by the orderly rule of a friendly European Power. And in diplomatic circles, in the winter of 1934-35, the whole question was discussed as a colonial issue with many previous parallels in North Africa. It was what Mr. Baldwin called at the time the "Mid-summer madness" of the economic sanctions that threw all sensible diplomatic solution to the winds. "That policy was embarked upon because for years public opinion had been fostered and fed on hopes of a new international order resting on rules administered by the Powers assembled at Geneva." Japan had acted with impunity and it does not require clairvoyance to see what a shot to the Italians was the new policy of England, ready to use its large and variously acquired resources as well as its influence over other allied Powers to keep Italians from a moderate increase of theirs. It was to be expected that the Italians would do all they could to build up Arab support and use it as a wedge against Britain. Even today Lord Cecil, stringing along with fussy Anglican and Free Church bishops, is calling for withholding of recognition of the Italian conquest. The same influences were the real forgers of the Rome-Berlin axis in 1933. It would seem, if wiser, saner counsel will dominate the present exchanges between England and Italy, editorials like that of the much improved *London Catholic weekly*, the *Tablet*, cannot fail to cooperate in such an effect.

— — —

WHEN last year a non-Catholic clergyman proposed that there should be a "moratorium on preaching," his advice produced the contrary effect to what was intended. Instead of less preaching, more preaching was felt to be the need, and on all hands arose a demand for a more abundant ministration of the word of God. The Crusade For More Fruitful Preaching, inaugurated September 20 of last year at Saint Cecilia's Mission Settlement

in New York City, has steadily grown in numbers and enthusiasm. The Crusade Prayer, which bears the *Imprimatur* of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, has spread already throughout the nation. Clergy and laity alike are appealed to in this crusade. The clergy are urged to do more preaching and catechetical instruction; the laity, to take more active interest in the teaching of the Church. A campaign of prayers to this end is urged, and requests are made that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be frequently offered for this intention. Local study groups are recommended, and the laity are advised to spread the Word of God in every way and everywhere possible, in order to save souls that cannot be reached by the priest. Germany's present experience shows us that preaching is an arm of the Church which remains when most other activities are cut off. All else in the Church derives its impetus from this source. For that reason, as well as for the good of our individual souls, every encouragement seems in order for the Crusade For More Fruitful Preaching.

— — —

CONGRESS and the Administration have invented a new game called "Government Monopoly." The rules are very simple. Each tries to see who can spend the most of the people's money. Congress one day votes \$250,000,000 for relief during the coming year. The President retaliates with a three billion naval project. Congress authorizes farm bounties into the millions with nothing in sight to meet it. The President comes back with an \$850,000,000 proposal for educational purposes. It is a great game if you have the money. But what has become of the balanced budget that was announced last December?

— — —

GRATITUDE is a virtue we strive to practise. And we hold it not only in our hearts but try to manifest it. We are deeply grateful to all of our friends who generously responded to our February appeals for new subscribers and for the names of prospective subscribers. These responses flowed into our office in such numbers and from so many sources that we may have failed—but through lack of time alone—to have responded personally to each of our friends. We are thanking each of them now, and assuring them that every bit of their cooperation is personally appreciated. It was no little trouble, we know, for them to think up names, to broach the subject, to argue, perhaps, to mail lists to our office. The results cannot be tallied as yet, for the drive for new subscribers still continues, and will continue for some weeks to come. Only a percentage of our constant readers have as yet responded; we do not count them out, but hope that they may also cooperate in averting the week when AMERICA, with regrets, may be forced to raise its price to \$5.00. We seek no profits either through increased subscription nor increased receipts; we attempt merely to balance increased costs in production and distribution, and to be given the facilities of building up a greater AMERICA.

# SILENT PARALYSIS CREEPS SLOWLY OVER US

The P-I disease that afflicts American Catholics

ROBERT L. OTTO

---

---

---

THE ADAGE runs: "A still tongue makes a wise head." A buttoned lip brings dividends because . . . well, do they not say that silence is golden? This, of course, is not the philosophical interpretation of the axiom. It is a very literal interpretation but is quite true, as many Catholics will attest.

Let us train this typewriter on the bull's eye right away now, and let fly at that immense silence that seems to have enveloped our Catholic laity, at least a great part of them, and a substantial number of the clergy. Have they discovered literally that silence is golden?

Catholic Action? Ah, yes. That is something about participation of the laity in a program laid down by the Supreme Pontiff. I think it has something to do with "starting at home" like charity, then broadening out into the ramifications of society. It reads well and it is nice to hear about if the priest in the pulpit does not get fanatical. But how do they expect a business man or a housewife to spare a lot of time on something that ought to be done by the clergy anyway? Isn't that the reason we have priests?

Thus, it seems, a lot of our Catholic laity reason. It is all too trite to say that these are stirring times, that a Catholic is faced with innumerable challenges daily. Besides having to give good example, he is held accountable for all the injudicious parish bingo games from Maine to California; he is charged with being "fascist" if he happens to hope that General Franco takes Madrid; he is reactionary and conservative and hide-bound under the yoke of medieval "monkery" if he declares his belief in Christ's Divinity and in the unchanging moral code; he is a throw-back to Methuselah if he declares against divorce, birth-prevention and allegedly liberal education of the type handed out by vacuous university professors who hold their noses when mentioning the Deity, a word which, nevertheless, they studiously attempt to avoid as outmoded.

And in the face of all this we have among the Catholic laity that pernicious disease known as "P-I." The letters stand for Politics and Insurance, but the disease is affecting not only politicians and insurance men, but others who happen to be trying to make a living. P-I symptoms are evidences

of so-called broad-mindedness in mixed groups when the Spanish War, birth prevention, divorce, Catholic education, Father Coughlin and similar subjects are discussed.

The Catholic victim is more often than not an insurance salesman or executive, or a budding or full-blooming politician. Uneasy blushes suffuse his usually smiling face, and, aside, he begs the militant Catholic not to become too "positive" in his stand upon such matters, especially when potential customers are in the crowd. From the apologetic stage, P-I advances to the "shush-shush" stage in which the alleged Catholic counsels silence, advises that too emphatic a stand on any of the above-mentioned subjects might lead to a certain amount of unpleasantness.

"You're all right; you're in the newspaper business and can afford to be a little bit independent in such matters," he explains. "But I'm pounding the streets every day trying to sell policies, and these fellows and girls you've been smacking between the eyes with that scholastic logic of yours (I thought it was his logic, too) don't take it well. I know. I can see they don't fancy you. If you have to be so confounded argumentative, be more polite about it and we can all be friends. You're alienating some of my potential customers."

Or the politician, aspiring or real: "Must you always ring in that talk about the Spanish Reds who are supposed (get that supposed) to have butchered some priests and nuns? Remember all these fellows and girls to whom you've been talking about Communism, Russian interference in Spain, and the great part Freemasonry is thought to be having in Mexico and France are the people whose votes I have to get out at the spring primaries. Go easy—at least for the present—on that Catholic Action stuff."

P-I then gradually creeps into its more advanced stages. Its victims accept appointments to Y.M.C.A. or Y.W.C.A. boards under whose sponsorship "lecturers" are brought in to tell young men and women about "this thing called sex," or about the heroism of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade defending Madrid from swarthy Moors with fang-like teeth. If the victims are fathers and mothers they enroll their sons and daughters in universities where



sprouting "peace-leaguers" sign petitions to keep the United States out of any and all kinds of war so that those who have designs on the country will have an easier time of it.

Extra-curricular activities of the daughters especially read something like a hodge-podge of alleged twentieth-century liberalism. Thoroughly buried beneath a stack of sororities, literary societies, the Y.W.C.A. and kindred organizations are such potentially vigorous groups as the Newman Clubs. Investigation at the Newman Club reveals that daughter promotes dances, gets dates for friends, tries to remember if she met "him" at the last formal the "Y" gave, but never, oh never, volunteers for a study club to ascertain if the Popes have been and are friends of the workers or are "fascist" like the one who made peace with Mussolini.

That, all too briefly, recites some of the symptoms of P-I, politics and insurance, symbols of a disease that affects the mentality, the backbone, reduces Catholic Action to Catholic paralysis, makes apologetic idiots of potential soldiers of Christ. Its victims will be the first to join America's loyalists when the show-down comes. Its victims are training themselves to shoulder a musket for the forces whose generals will be directing fire at churches where "bishops and priests and seminarians" are manning machine guns.

It is tragically funny, of course, because those with whom P-I victims associate only pity them for their lack of that grit a Catholic must have. P-I victims gradually gravitate away from uncomfortably vigorous Catholics who ask no quarter and give none. P-I victims shun the luncheon table where these Catholics hold forth and the pitifully few militant Catholics begin to hear themselves described as "queer," "sort of radical, doncha-know; carries his Catholicity just a bit too far, doncha think? doesn't have to eat, sleep and drink Catholicism or try to be more Catholic than the Pope, does he?"

An alumni association to which the writer belongs gave recent evidence of this sort of thing. One of those "militant" Catholics had been elected president. He proposed a sensible program of study clubbing, debates on topics of current interest, book reviews, essay contests, sandwiched in, of course, between the customary and naturally popular social events which he likes just as thoroughly as anyone else.

He got little or no support. A gangling oaf suggested that the association meet next time in a brewery where beer was almost free and good sandwiches cheap. Consensus: good idea; debates, current events and such too heavy for tired alumni; little playing a good thing once in a while. Let's not get too serious about Communism. Things'll work out all right. Hurrah for beer and sandwiches. Catholic paralysis? No. That's Catholic disintegration.

How fondly it is to be wished too that Catholics had the initiative, the courage, the publicity-seeking sense, if you will, to protest like our Jewish brethren! Nail the Catholics to the Cross in Mex-

ico, belittle their educational institutions, collect their taxes to pay nincompoop professors of history who must have gotten their degrees *summa cum fraude*, tell them their Church was lazy and rich in Spain, their clergy ignorant and vicious in Germany and Italy, their American pastors bingo promoters, their Religious Sisterhoods just groups of women afraid to face the trials of marriage or disappointed in love.

Let glib newspaper commentators give the old "class" angle to the news, talk in slippery language about the people's front, the Farmer-Labor party. But, shush, shush! Don't write letters to the editor and sign your name. He won't print them in the first place and, if he does, your name will be noticed by customers and do you want to lose your clients, want to be moved from the ward captaincy by the "boss?" Fight tooth and nail with Republicans and Democrats over President Roosevelt, his Supreme Court proposal, WPA, relief, Justice Hugo L. Black, the wages-and-hours bill, the Ludlow War Amendment, the excess profits tax, but don't ring in the Ten Commandments. Threaten to punch the nose of the neighbor who says he's all for the good old Hoover days, refuse to speak to the business man who thinks F.D.R. is a rabble-rouser, but just smile weakly when any of them say the Pope is Mussolini's tool, General Franco orders the machine-gunning of women and children, birth prevention is a much-to-be-desired panacea.

Alumni who possess A.B.'s seem to think their work has been done: "We're in the game of life to make a living for the wife and kiddies," they say. "Can't be bothered debating, writing letters, bothering about Communism. Have to contact a bunch of new prospects, besides the boss might not like it if my name gets into print."

Or the Catholic college girl alumna: "Too busy completing my trousseau. Me turn on all those swell girls I sang with in the May Festival chorus? I should say not. Just because the Church happened to make some mistakes in Spain? I don't care if the alumnae from the State University have adopted a resolution favoring birth control (I mean prevention). Why should I go out of my way to make enemies? Why should I alienate my friends? Oh, let me alone!"

The answer to all this? Silence is golden, I guess, but I recall there was a golden-tongued orator among the Early Fathers of the Church who turned oratory to just as good an advantage. He probably was referred to as a Christian radical, an uncomfortable fellow who always argued and fought for principles.

Silence is golden in this life, pays big dividends, I guess. Methinks it brings but tin harps and leaden wings hereafter, though. *Der Tag* is coming, anyway, if the Church's opponents have their way. And in view of this, the "uncomfortable" Catholic who tries to be "more Catholic than the Pope" can be consoled that it is easier to die for one's Faith than to try to live for it. I fervently hope so.

Brother, have you a machine gun I could park in our parish belfry . . . just in case?

# NEW ZEALAND CELEBRATES A CENTENARY

Account of heroic beginnings of the Church

EILEEN DUGGAN

---

---

---

TO two countries in particular does New Zealand owe the faith that she celebrates in the centenary celebrations she is holding in Auckland this month.

A timber merchant, Thomas Poynton, had a business in Hokianga. He married a Sydney woman whose ancestors had fought at Vinegar Hill. From Hokianga to Sydney is more than 1200 miles and she, only a slip of a girl, crossed those flailing, hissing waters in a whaling lugger to have her infants baptized.

Her husband's pleas and representations were received kindly by the authorities, but Bishop Polding informed him that he could not find enough priests for New South Wales, let alone for New Zealand. And so he and his gallant little wife had to possess their souls in patience until on the Octave of Pentecost, 1835, His Holiness founded the Apostolic Vicariate of the Western Pacific. At that time the Society of Mary was in its infancy, and purely diocesan. A saintly secular cleric called Pompallier was summoned to Rome. He received from the Society of Mary a magnificent response to his appeal. At that time it was weak in numbers but mighty in faith. Père Colin, its founder, had made Mary the chevalier of his small legion, and having received his brief of approbation in 1836, he provided four priests and three brothers.

The King of France extended his gracious protection to the enterprise and the ship chosen was the "Delphine." Poynton, when they came, quitted his own house and handed it over to Bishop Pompallier and his companions. The Bishop, a well favored man with magnetic eyes, was at that time only thirty-seven years of age. His poise was an asset when dealing with natives who judged by mien and on one occasion he, unarmed and in his old soutane, faced a raiding party.

Jerningham Wakefield, in *Adventure in New Zealand*, commented on his courtesy. That he gained the Maoris' affection later, is proved by some of their orations to him. The Maoris have a Caesarean love of exhortation. The good Bishop and his companions needed the warmth of such speeches. While the other sects had printing presses, funds and vessels, they had barely their daily bread. Even the Maoris sought to dissuade him. They said: "*Picopo*, (Maori version of 'Bish-

op') thou triest thyself much—thou wilt not live long and then who will teach us?" In his long journeys on foot with soles thonged on like sandals, or no soles at all, his feet grew as hard as an old hound's pads. His brain, as active as his feet, recorded a resemblance between the Mosaic account and the Maori tradition of the origin of things and he sought to make the transition easy from Io to Christ. Already history or legend is busy with his own name. By faith, we are told, the Maoris arose cured at the touch of his hand.

He had international complications to face as well as hunger and doubt, but, in spite of the misrepresentations of his enemies, his sole speech at the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi was not to forward the interests of France against Britain but to secure religious toleration. When the great chief-tain, Rewa, asked his advice he said: "I am here only to pasture souls." His relations with the State were prudent and amicable.

It is impossible in the space available to give in detail the story of the Church in New Zealand. The Bishop himself penetrated through wild country to the far south. There were no roads and no bridges. One priest was kept alive one night on a cold Otago plain only by holding a lamb to his heart. It was not odd that it was a lamb. Another was found one morning after a sick call up to his waist in a swamp calmly telling his beads. The bed of another was of stones and wattles, his table a sawn tree-trunk, his wash-basin a rock in mid-creek. The priest with the lamb was a Frenchman: the second was an Irish Capuchin; the third was from Kilkenny. They went about things differently but they taught the one thing and showed the one hardihood.

Bishop Pompallier's coadjutor, Dr. Viard, became Bishop of Wellington and this devoted Frenchman was succeeded by that historic figure, Francis Redwood, who began as the youngest, and died as the oldest, Bishop in the world. He was taught in youth by Father Garin, who is regarded as an unofficial saint; and so he derived in an especial manner from the pioneers.

He had the good fortune to be helped in his labors by the Sisters of Mercy, a small but valiant band led from Carlow, Ireland, by Mother Cecilia.



These, the spiritual daughters of Catherine McAuley, withstood many discussions and were upheld by their Bishop. "If Saint Patrick or Saint Augustine had stayed at home," he said, "how would our holy Faith have been transmitted to us?"

Archbishop Redwood said, when he smelt the tang of flax by the Bluff landing, he knew he was home at last, but his years of training in foreign countries gave him a cosmopolitan outlook and to the end of his long life he kept abreast of modern trends with a diligence valuable to a young and isolated country. Newman and Manning welcomed a visit from this colonial Bishop, whose forthright candor made him a personality. He had from the first inspiring colleagues, men like Bishop Moran of Dunedin, the dauntless educator who founded the *New Zealand Tablet*.

A special paragraph must be devoted to the Archbishop's friend and helper, Suzanne Aubert, who in 1892 founded the only native New Zealand Order, the Sisters of Compassion. This really re-

markable woman, who knew what it was to make ovens of mud and eat leaves for bread, had ancestors who fought in the Crusades and was the niece of Périer, President of France. This little "Napoleon in petticoats," as she has been dubbed, was the client of Saint Jean Baptiste Vianney, who prophesied her life as she lived it in such detail that when she saw her first dwelling at Jerusalem on the Wanganui River, she cried out there was a window too many. The window had been put in the week before. Even more than her hospitals and homes for the incurables, the infants and the aged, does her unearthly and virile sanctity impress the country she honored.

The present Metropolitan, Archbishop O'Shea, and his colleagues, Bishops Brodie, Whyte and Liston, born into harder times even than the pioneers, carry valiantly the crooks their predecessors laid down in death. Bishops Brodie and Liston are native New-Zealanders.

Small though the country is, the Faith here has had an epic story.

# COMRADE KRYLENKO HAS ALSO BECOME A VICTIM

## The prosecutor who martyred Monsignor Budkiewicz

LOUIS J. GALLAGHER, S.J.



WORD was recently sent from Moscow to the American press that Nikolai Krylenko, head of the All Union Commissariat of Justice, was to be ousted. This dispatch was closely followed by another stating that Premier Molotov announced at the close of the Soviet Parliament on January 19 that Nikolai Ryshkov, former Assistant to Prosecutor Ulrich had been named Commissar of Justice, replacing Krylenko. One Bagirov, Stalinist member of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, had accused the veteran Attorney General Krylenko of neglecting his duties as Commissar of Justice to indulge his hobby of chess.

We are not surprised, nor should the world in general be surprised to learn that Mr. Krylenko's career has caught up with him. That was inevitable. The big revelation here is that there must have been something wrong with the G.P.U. when it took them twenty-one years to discover that Comrade Krylenko has been over-enthusiastic

about his game of chess since the very beginning of Soviet incumbency. Since 1917 he has given himself up to Soviet political checking with devotion, energy and violence, sacrificing human pawns, destroying castles, terminating the activities of bishops, ending the influence of the Queen and finally check-mating the King and Emperor of Russia in a regicidal triumph.

As a prominent Party adherent he has been intimately connected with every major military and political movement that has served to trample the rights and to crush the spirit of the Russian people since the opening of the great game between the Party and the Proletariat. This was the same Officer Krylenko who in 1917 regimented the Bolshevik proletarian battalions against the threatened attack on Petrograd by General Kornilov and who swung the armored-car division to Bolshevik allegiance against the Provisional Government. In December of 1917, Ensign Krylenko was appointed

Commander-in-Chief of the Bolshevik army to succeed General Dukhonin and a few hours after his arrival at the Mogilev Headquarters, on December 3, 1917, General Dukhonin was murdered by a detachment of sailors directly under Krylenko's command, by being hurled out of a railroad car on to the bayonets of the sailors.

He was on the Bolshevik ticket for election to the Presidium in the second congress of the Soviets in 1917. In 1918 he was transferred to the Commissariat of Justice, became Assistant to the Chief in that department in 1922 and State Prosecutor or Federal Attorney General in 1928. An idea of his early importance in the Party which held the royal family prisoners and later carried out their banishment and execution may be gathered from the fact that his own name was one of three signed to the official document appointing him Commander-in-Chief of the army. The other two names were those of Lenin and Stalin.

In January, 1918, in a dispatch to the nation over the title of Commander-in-Chief he called upon the Russian workers and peasants to join the Red Army in a holy war on the bourgeoisie. The revised criminal code in operation during his time as Chief Prosecutor of the Soviet Union was drafted by Krylenko himself in collaboration with the Moscow Communist Academy. Under this code and on figures furnished by the Prosecutor, in the drive against the kulak class during the push for collectivization, more than three million people were sent into exile and a great percentage of them to the lethal lumber camps of the north. Eugene Lyons in his *Assignment in Utopia* has given the world a picture of Prosecutor Krylenko, as he presided at various trials staged by the Government for a purpose that would lead one to conclude that this man hacked away at justice in the court-room until there was not a recognizable shred of her raiment to be found in the highest court of Russia.

We are interested here, however, with his victims more than with Mr. Krylenko. In detailing the story of the director of Soviet justice it would be a gross injustice to his chief ecclesiastical sufferers to send them down to history as having been murdered for charges which neither he nor the prosecuting government ever made against them. If the time should come, as well it may, for presentation of the case of the saintly Monsignor Budkiewicz for beatification, the true reason for his execution will be an essential item in the proceedings. When I visited the Monsignor in Petrograd a few months before his martyrdom, he was well aware of the impending danger, and exit from the country was open to him. But he would not abandon his Bishop.

The late dispatch from Moscow to the American press says that Nikolai Krylenko "prosecuted Archbishop Cieplak, head of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia, and sixteen priests, on charges of failing to obey the laws governing property, and won death sentences." The charge against the Bishop and Monsignor Budkiewicz and the fourteen priests who figured in this trial was "refusal to desist from teaching the law of God," which is vastly different from that recently sent by wireless to the

New York Times. The death sentence was passed on all, but afterwards changed to life imprisonment for the Bishop and twenty-one years for the priests, but the Monsignor was shot to death within a few hours after the dramatic mockery of justice which took place on Good Friday. A detailed account of the full proceedings of this trial were written in the court-room during the trial.

Part of this written record runs as follows: "The only crime proved against the victims was their inability to accept the alternative proposed by Mr. Krylenko, the Public Prosecutor. The question was put in my hearing.

'Will you stop teaching the Christian religion?'

'We cannot,' came the uniform answer. 'It is the law of God.'

'That law does not exist on Soviet territory,' replied Krylenko. 'You must choose. . . . As for your religion, I spit on it, as I spit on all religions.'

Here then was a clear-cut alternative and a clear-cut acceptance of the penalty.

The reporter who sent the wireless may have quoted from memory or consulted Soviet authorities. One way or the other, he was grievously in error on a very important issue. If he had known the truth of the matter and expressed it, his report would undoubtedly have been censored and probably canceled, and he himself invited to retire. In the supposition that he did know the real history of the case, it would have been better reporting and more honest journalism to have omitted all mention of the charge.

It would make little difference to Rome how the official records of this case were preserved in the Soviet archives. If they were quoted at any time in a Roman process, even by an *advocatus diaboli*, the legal procedure, if not the language of the prosecuting officer, could serve only to favor the cause of the servant of God being heard. Such legal travesties were supposed to impress Russia with a sense of fear and the rest of the world with admiration for the directness and efficiency of Soviet legal methods. Their frequent repetition has resulted in contempt and ridicule from the outside world and finally, as Comrade Krylenko's present position reveals, in resentment and in action on the part of a victimized Russian public.

Historians, present and future, may make every possible human effort to write an unbiased account of what has happened in Soviet courts but they will be delving through contrary records for a long time before they reveal the truth of what has taken place there within the last generation. The number of martyrs and heroes who have passed into oblivion in these Muscovite tragedies, or whose stories have been handed down to posterity in such a garbled form as to deprive them of all honor, excepting that in Heaven, will probably never be known. What they accomplished in life for truth and justice, and the fate they endured for their courage is reason sufficient for attempting to rescue their good names from a welter of irresponsible press accounts, which serve by inaccuracy to preserve them in untruth and to rob them of their duly merited guerdon of respect and praise.



# CONCELEBRATION OF THE BYZANTINE LITURGY

For the first time English is chanted in the Mass

GERARD DONNELLY

---

---

---

THEY sang a high Mass at West Thirtieth street a few days ago, and at one part of it we heard five languages at the altar.

Yes, I know. Even at this late day your normal Catholic is perplexed when you try to tell him that there are other languages for the Mass besides Latin. He frowns and scratches his head. He lifts his brows dubiously. And he keeps on saying: "But aren't you really talking about the Greeks or the Orthodox or whatever they are? Do you mean other languages in the *real* Mass—the Catholic Mass, like ours and the Pope's?"

Well, here we were at Mass—some 1,300 of us—crowded together in the church, and hearing them use five different languages at the altar. I hasten to add that this was a wholly Catholic Mass, approved by Rome, sung in the Capuchin church and attended by worshipers who staunchly believe in the Pope and have the usual suspicious attitude towards married priests or any other person calling himself an Oriental Catholic.

Our astonishment rose to a climax at the reading of the Gospel. Five priests, each with a missal in his hand and fully vested, formed in a file leading from the tabernacle to the communion rail. The first priest sang the Gospel in the Arabic language. The second priest chanted the same verses in Greek. The third began, *Haec locutus est Jesus*, and went on in the familiar Latin. This was followed by a fourth version, with the priest intoning it in a thunderous Slavonic.

We wondered for a moment what the next language would be, for there was still a fifth priest in the line patiently awaiting his turn. By this time we were ready for nearly anything; yet we felt a distinct shock as he began. English! He was singing the Gospel in English! Here for the first time in our lives we were hearing part of the Mass in our native tongue. Indeed, I hazard the guess that this was the first time in America that English was used in the Catholic Mass. (A few moments later we were treated to a still more astonishing moment of English when one priest faced the people at the altar rail, lifted up the altar breads and chalice of unconsecrated wine, and sang a long prayer—in words easily understood by everybody in the church—for the national, state, and local authori-

ties, for Pope, bishop, pastor and the faithful in the pews.)

The rapid growth of popular interest in the Oriental rites is one of the most amazing things in recent Catholic history. Of course I cannot speak for the rest of the country, but here in New York, as short a time as five years ago, the average Catholic looked upon you as a mystic or at least as a dry-as-dust historian if you tried to interest him in the subject.

But something extraordinary has happened here during the last several years. In ever mounting and sometimes embarrassing numbers, New Yorkers are visiting the churches where they may hear the Eastern Mass. Articles on Oriental worship are looming large in our local religious press. More and more frequently the subject is being chosen as a topic for discussion by study-club groups and lecturers. Two new magazines on the rites have just been launched. One group of young college men have set about learning an exotic language and music, both wholly unrelated to Benny Goodman's swing songs, in order to form themselves into a choir for the Oriental worship in Mulberry Street.

Perhaps it was in response to some such popular demand that the Capuchins planned the astonishing Mass we attended on Washington's birthday. The Fathers picked this date, not for patriotic reasons, but because it was a mid-week holiday, and so gave opportunity for large attendance by clergy and faithful.

They announced their event as a concelebration of the Mass by priests of various Byzantine rites.

Concelebration is a technical term. It means that a number of priests act together at the altar, consecrating one host and a single chalice of wine and praying with united voices throughout the Canon. Thus, though there are several ministers at the altar and all are truly celebrating, there is only one Mass being offered.

Concelebration, it seems, is not at all an unusual thing, even in the United States. As a matter of fact, we Latin Catholics can see the ceremony any time that a group of young men are ordained to the priesthood, for immediately after their anointing they offer Mass in a group, reciting their Latin prayers along with their bishop. Three years ago in

Cleveland several Ukrainian priests concelebrated a Mass as one of the notable features of the Eucharistic Congress.

But the whole point about last week's affair was that it utilized three liturgical languages and brought together clerics of various rites to function together in the Sacrifice. If you can imagine this happening in your own home church, with, say, the celebrant intoning his own parts of the Mass in French, the deacon his in German and the subdeacon singing out of a Spanish missal, you would have something startling indeed, but not really more startling than this Byzantine Mass chanted in various Eastern tongues.

I cannot here sketch, even in brief outline, the history of the Byzantine liturgy or of the various peoples who follow it. However, you might have discovered a sort of synopsis of Byzantine history in this recent scene at the Capuchin church. A Melchite priest was the chief celebrant of the Mass; he used his native Arabic throughout. Lined up along the altar with him were first of all an Albanian priest (whose liturgical language is Greek), and then four clerics of the Slavonic churches—a Russian, a Podcarpathian, and two Ukrainians.

And so not only could you notice there a striking diversity of speech, but also a very remarkable clash of song. I mean, of course, the clash between the various styles of liturgical music that were being chanted.

Turkish is what you would be tempted, for instance, to call the chant of the Melkite priest. The liquid, rolling song is reminiscent of the muezzin's summons to prayer, and it sounds at times like the famous flute arpeggios in *Scheherazade*.

"Lift up your hearts!" began the Melkite—in the Arabic tongue, of course, and in a melody that smacked of Damascus or Aleppo.

But the choir's responses were made in Slavonic, and its music was wholly Russian. To some of us that music seemed to echo of certain chords in the *Song of the Volga Boatmen*.

And a moment or two later this inter-liturgical duet was suddenly interrupted by a third voice, language and melody. The Albanian priest was intoning a litany. "The mercies of God be with you all," he began. His tongue was Greek; his melody was written centuries ago in Athens or Byzantium.

But that did not affect the Volga boatmen up in the choir. *Hospodi pomiluy*, they answered heartily. After all, that means *Kyrie eleison*, and God understands Slavonic as well as Greek. But when we arrived at the Consecration, all diversities of speech and music came to a sudden end. At this solemn moment in their Mass the six priests joined together in one tongue, carefully synchronizing their words besides, so that they might consecrate exactly together. *Touto esti to Soma mou*, they sang in the very words of the Evangelist. *Touto esti to Haima mou*. And even in the hush of the Consecration, you would have noticed that a considerable group of Oriental worshipers did not kneel but instead bowed their heads low to the Eucharist.

The Capuchin church seats probably a thousand persons—when you pack its pews. Well, they were

packed to capacity for this Mass, and two or three hundred standees shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot during the two-hour service. Outside at the church doors the police kept several hundred others from entering. In the crowded sanctuary the press photographers' bulbs flashed every time the celebrants shifted position.

The camera men, seeking only the picturesque, obviously preferred the ritual processions, to, from and around the altar. But the worshippers seemed to find the real climax of this Mass at the Communion. As the reader probably knows, the Easterners give the two Species in Communion. The Hosts are dropped into the chalice, where they become steeped in the consecrated Wine, and are then distributed by a priest using a long-handled spoon.

Some sixty or so persons received at this time, and I am sure that no Catholic could have watched that remarkable ceremony without being rather deeply stirred. For up to the altar rail came Latins as well as Slavs and Syrians; there came laborers and professors, little children and the aged—and one Negro woman perfectly at ease in the midst of her white fellow-Catholics, perfectly at ease as she took the Host and Chalice of fellowship.

All these communicants received the Sacrament, not on their knees but standing, and with their arms crossed upon their breasts—like those old pictures of the saint in ecstasy. Immediately after communicating they moved to the end of the rail. Here a server gave them a small cube of blessed bread and a sip of warm water from a tiny silver saucer—a symbol of charity and unity.

After that there was an incensing of the altar, another litany, a tremendously impressive blessing—with the six priests facing the people—and the Mass came to a close. But I believe that it was only then, when the celebrants descended from the altar, turned, and bowed deeply to the tabernacle, that most of us realized there had not been a single genuflection during the whole course of the Mass.

Well, this affair taught us all a number of things about our own religion. But I venture to say that what we brought away with us was not alone an interest in ritual. Nor was it even a new interest in the way that the Church, centering her life around the Eucharist, achieves world-wide unity of worship without imposing uniformity. No, what we learned was something deeper than that.

Perhaps it might be called a new and vivid sense of the catholicity of Catholicism—of how there is neither Jew nor Gentile, freeman or slave within the Mystical Body.

For many reasons we American Catholics should not be blamed too harshly for our long ignorance of the Oriental rites nor for our foolish suspicion that somehow or other the Easterners have a religion quite inferior to our own. We are rapidly making amends for all that, and the Pope's magnificent words are beginning to sink into our souls. "The Church of Jesus Christ," he insists, "is neither Latin nor Greek nor Slav but *Catholic*. Accordingly she makes no difference among her children, and Greeks, Latins, Slavs and members of all other nations are equal in the eyes of the Apostolic See."



# WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

---

---

---

## BISHOP YU-PIN'S MESSAGE

ONE of the most extraordinary figures in the Church today is the Most Rev. Paul Yu-pin, D.D., Bishop of Sozusa and Vicar Apostolic of Nankin.

Bishop Yu-pin is striking physically: a six-foot tower of a man, erect and athletically built, with a clear eye, a clear complexion, and a resonant voice. His approach is direct, and a few minutes conversation reveals a mind that corresponds to the body: vigorous, poised, widely informed, with clear-cut ideas on the world of affairs far beyond those that fall within his own personal sphere. In other times or other circumstances he could be seen in uniform as a commander-in-chief, or dominating a council table as foreign minister. Yet with all this, a simple priest, unpretentious, good-humored.

The Bishop's diocese, capital of new China, has been wiped out. In the place of all that Christian Faith and Christian charity had erected, there is stark desolation. The scourge of war passed over it like the locusts of Scripture, and the moral devastation is even more appalling than the material ruin. "I can never," said Bishop Yu-pin, "return to my diocese while it is under Japanese domination. If that is to be its fate, I shall remain a Bishop in exile. Exile is preferable to life under the invader."

He has been called the Mercier of China; and frankly glories in the name, quoting some of Cardinal Mercier's famous utterances. As Cardinal Mercier represented more or less the official attitude of Belgium during the World War, so Bishop Yu-pin voices more or less officially what China has to say about the present conflict. He feels it his sacred duty to present this message to the world, particularly to the people of the United States:

Japan cannot conquer China, despite her tremendous military advances. The reason for this is not only China's immense size, her 450,000,000 people who simply swallow up the invader and overwhelm him with their sheer multitude; but also China's youth, the new China. Young China, in the Bishop's description, has been formed in a new school which has been completely transforming the life of that vast Empire. Public works, the battle against opium and its derivatives, social action, reorganization of the army on a modern basis, industrial reorganization, are only a symbol of a moral transformation that has aroused Chinese youth with a fever of enthusiasm and steels them with a terrific determination to resist the invader to the last ditch.

Japan contends now with a new Chinese people, not the China of thirty years ago, with a new psychology, presenting a far different problem from the corrupt easy-going functionaries and cowardly military of a couple of generations ago. The result of the war will be Japan's own ruin in the end.

To the question: "Is Communism the issue?" the

Bishop offers a decided "No." The Chinese people, he insists, have been fighting Communism for the last eight years. Under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek, they had practically driven Communism out of China, they had banished it to a corner of remote Shan-si Province. Had China been left undisturbed, Communism would have become entirely a thing of the past as far as China is concerned. There is a fundamental antagonism between the Chinese character and Communism.

The Communism issue, in so far as raised by Japan, Bishop Yu-pin frankly regards as insincere. The invasion of China he attributes to the psychology of a certain group in Japan who are animated not by hostility to China or the Chinese, as such, but by an imperialist madness, which sweeps down everything that stands in its path. This psychology he considers not to be China's problem alone, but that of the world. "How can the world be indifferent," said the Bishop, as he leaned forward to Father Talbot and myself in the quiet of the Editor's office, and tapped our knees in turn with his ringed finger; "How *can* the world be indifferent to the fate of three-quarters of the human race?" "And," he continued, "if the anti-Communist bloc in Europe seek to reinforce Japan by military aid, they are simply driving China into the arms of Communism. They are playing Soviet Russia's ultimate game; and under the pretense of fighting Communism are consigning to Bolshevism not only China's youth, but Indo-China and India and the whole of Asia in turn."

To the blunt question, whether he would wish the United States to bring military pressure to bear on Japan, he answered with another "No." But he did favor some sort of non-military pressure, since if any such were exerted, Japan could not continue her attacks.

What China, in the Bishop's statement, proposes to Japan is to exercise cooperation, not domination. Cooperation is natural; it is desired by the thoughtful element in Japan, for whom the Bishop has the deepest respect. But the mystic ideal of domination, as he sees it, can only bring ruin not to China alone, but to Japan also, indeed extinction to Japan, and disaster to the rest of the world.

I offer no judgment on the Bishop's message. The wisest non-Christian I ever met in my life was a Japanese, the late Okakura San, and he told me when I was a child of seven, as he tucked his mitted feet up under him one summer's afternoon in Newport, to do much listening before judging. The fact is that while China is being martyred, Communist propagandists here are making use of China's plight to drag the whole world and our nation included into war. Our most earnest prayer is that the entire truth will appear.

JOHN LAFARGE

## HOMES AND SLUMS

WHEN he asked: "Are parents necessary?" Walter J. Carlin, of the New York school board put a question which has long been in the mind of thoughtful educators. What is troubling Mr. Carlin is the incessant demand that the schools provide for the child the care which parents have a natural obligation to give.

In New York, for instance, at a time when the support of what is fondly styled "public education" has become an almost insupportable burden, a whole new series of demands has been launched. The schools are asked to supply community recreation centers, complete medical and dental attendance, summer camps, play leaders, vocational guides, free books and paper, and daily lunches. Under these heads scores of other activities, all of which call for the outlay of money, are grouped. Let these demands continue, and soon we shall be met by the demand that to every public school be added a complete dormitory for the children, and a little theatre and a moving-picture auditorium to help them pass the long evenings enjoyably at least, if not profitably.

Back of these demands lies a very serious condition. It cannot be denied that the straitened condition of many parents under our economic system is responsible in large part for the breakdown of homes. It is extremely difficult to maintain a home in a slum tenement. The surroundings, drab, forbidding and cramped, offer no opportunity for the recreation which the child finds in the normal home. In many cases, the mother is obliged to seek outside work to insure the children a minimum of food and clothing, and a humble shelter over their heads.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the unpleasant conditions under which thousands of children in the cities grow up. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that out of the very slums have come some of the ablest and most useful citizens, God-fearing, law-abiding men and women, whose lives are an asset to their communities, and a blessing to all who have been privileged to come in contact with them.

Neither a palace nor a rookery in the slums is itself a home. These things are of brick or marble, but homes are made only by parents who know their duty and do it. In a rude log hut on a windswept hill in southern Indiana, Nancy Hanks made life happy for her children, and taught her son the lessons which made him the greatest figure of his age. Every worker among the poor knows upright men and women who passed their childhood in a neighborhood surrounded by want and vice, but whose homes today are sanctuaries.

Have we become a weak and spineless race, unwilling even to face difficulties? The school can only help parents to fulfil their duties. When parents habitually fail, shifting to the school the burdens which, with an effort, they could themselves carry, our hopes for a strong and virile generation to succeed us, grow dim.

## EUROPE IN CRISIS

NEITHER realism nor idealism will save Europe from war. In the latest British crisis, Mr. Chamberlain pleads for a realization of hard facts. This means an evaluation of the number of soldiers, ships and planes, of strategic military position, of alliances with strong neighbors; and all of these mean war preparedness. Mr. Eden also looks for war preparedness, but calculates it on the basis of cerebral manipulations and ideologies. Meanwhile, justice and right and charity are disregarded by the masterminds of Europe. Their motivation is fear, their aim is security through might.

## AMERICAN EDUCATION

IN the last of a series of articles on education in America, Dr. Hutchins begins a paragraph with the significant words; "The whole failure of our educational system. . . ." Is the president of the University of Chicago presenting a new and startling indictment, or a truism?

In our judgment, he simply brings out into the open what every real educator will admit in confidential communication. Incidentally, there is little in what Dr. Hutchins has written which has not appeared in these pages again and again for nearly thirty years. Now that the shameful failure of our shamefully expensive school system, beginning with the kindergarten and ending with that monstrosity known as "the State university," is obtruding itself upon the notice of leading non-Catholic educators, there is some slight hope for reform.

At the outset of any investigation of American education we meet this fact. The American system is based on a philosophy which teaches an utterly false account of man's nature. Man is nothing more than a creature of time whose existence ends with the grave. Of man's spiritual nature, and of his supernatural destiny, it takes no account whatever. To this statement, a most important exception must be added. In its lower register, American education excludes the idea of man's supernatural destiny. In its higher register, it brings in that idea to ridicule it.

Hence, nine out of every ten American children are trained in schools which differentiate man from the lower animals not in kind, but



## AMERICA WATCHFUL

CONFLICT among the nations and races crowded within little Europe creates repercussions in our country. We seek no colonial expansion, we fortify ourselves against no aggressive neighbors, we are not interlinked in security pacts, nor involved in the heritage of grudges and revenge. Nevertheless, both from a realistic and an idealistic viewpoint, we are in constant danger of being drawn into the boiling pot of European politics. We must stubbornly isolate ourselves from the European master-minds, and maintain ourselves in the clear practice of justice, right and charity toward all nations.

## CAN EDUCATION

only in degree. All are beasts, but some are more capable than others of profiting by training, just as a sea lion is more likely than a boa constrictor to become a circus performer. This philosophy, begun in the lower schools, is perfected in the colleges and universities. It is supposed to suppress animal desires and to refine manners, but its success can be measured by the fact that of all peoples we Americans are the least law-abiding and the most criminal. Our zeal for building schools is famed throughout the world. Within recent years, we are becoming equally well known as a people who build jails and penitentiaries. Siwash and Alcatraz are complementary units.

Dr. Hutchins has turned the searchlight on the chief defects of the American school system. For many of these defects, he has suggested remedies, but we cannot avoid the conclusion that since he has failed to grasp the ultimate purpose of education, these remedies will prove useless. "The object of a general education will not be the formation of character," he writes, "since little can be done directly about character at that age level." This is a cry of despair. If nothing can be done directly to develop character before the youth is eighteen, when can we begin?

The vice that infects American education is not incidental, but essential. It consists in the insistence upon retaining a philosophy which sees in man only a creature of time, a being differing in degree but not in kind, from the beast of the field.

## LABOR RACKETEERS

RELEGATED to the obscurity of an inside page, a small paragraph recently appearing in a New York newspaper is an illuminating commentary on a phase of labor-union history. By order of the local Supreme Court, the treasurer of a funeral-chauffeurs union has been ordered to return to the union some \$23,000. The referee to whom the case had been assigned recommended that \$34,670.62 be returned, but the Court reduced the sum on the ground that about \$11,000 represented salaries which, though altogether excessive, had been allowed by the members of the union. However, the treasurer was obliged to disgorge \$10,604 which he had expended to maintain five automobiles, \$4,802 which he had listed as expenses incurred as a delegate to conventions, and \$600, part-payment on a car for his wife.

The case is not new in New York; hence the obscure paragraph allotted to it by the city editor. Similar cases attract attention only when the sums involved are larger, or when they are linked up with an assault and battery case, or a murder. For one such instance that reaches the courts, possibly a dozen go by unnoted. An individual member who calls attention to them knows that he woos disfavor, and perhaps a broken head. Hence, he usually remains silent. So too do the officials of the American Federation of Labor at Washington.

A parallel indictment appearing in these pages some years ago won us the disfavor of President Green, who angrily pointed out that the A.F. of L. could not handle these cases, since the constitution provided for local autonomy. When we rejoined that, on Mr. Green's own showing, it was time to amend that constitution, at least to the extent of canceling the charters of unions that had fallen into the hands of racketeers, Mr. Green answered that he would never again write us a letter. He has never written us; also he has done nothing, as far as we have been able to observe, to help ferret out racketeers, preferring to leave that to the local police. In case the police make no move, and no union member dares to brave the reprisals of the racketeers, the racket goes on indefinitely.

Whether the A.F. of L. is really helpless in the face of this scandalous condition, or only indifferent, we do not know. However, we take Mr. Green's word for it that nothing but a constitutional inhibition restrains him from descending on these racketeers like a devastating tornado of fire. In that case, we still believe, using what we term our intellect, that the constitution of the A.F. of L. is fatally defective. Thieves can appropriate for their private use the hard-earned money of union workers, and the Federation can say nothing worse than "it's too bad!" after the courts have acted.

The labor union has been forced to battle for its very existence for many years. In quarters otherwise well informed, "union" still means a group of thugs banded together to prey equally upon the wage-earner and the employer. In other quarters, better informed, but still deplorably ignorant, a

milder view prevails. Unions are not absolutely bad, it is here said, but as a rule, they are controlled by men whose chief object is not the common good, but private gain. Even the remarkable rise of unionism in the last few years has not sufficed to blot out these views.

No union, therefore, can afford to tolerate conduct by its members, and, particularly, by its officers, which might be interpreted as affording evidence in support of these charges. Like Caesar's wife, union management and administration must be above suspicion. Mr. Green is fond of reading us homilies to the general effect that the best support of a union is a well-informed public opinion. He is right, but there are times when we wish he would point his sermon by revoking a few charters; or, if he cannot do that, by publicly disavowing racketeering Federation union leaders.

## LYNCHING

NOW that the Wagner-Van Nuys bill has gone the way of its dozen predecessors, we may look for a sharp rise in lynching. Senator McKellar, whose chief claim to fame is his determination to wreck what is left of the civil-service system, does not agree. He thinks that lynching will disappear, if the bill is defeated.

A supplementary view is supplied by an individual who has the quaint custom of referring to himself as "the man Bilbo." Until recently an employe in a Government clipping-bureau, he is now Senator from Mississippi. Should a bill of this kind ever be enacted, he informed the Senate, the South would rise up to supply a dozen lynchings for every one that now disgraces us.

Of course, these men do not represent the South. They apparently do not know that the intelligent South supported the Wagner-Van Nuys bill. Nor do they seem to understand the gravity of lynching as a crime against God, the State and the victim.

In 1936, there were six lynchings, or, as Mr. Justice Black might say, "only" six lynchings, in Georgia. For these six crimes, Georgia cannot show even one conviction. It is true that no lynchings were reported from Mississippi in 1937. But there were eighteen in the preceeding five-year period. It is needless to say that there were no convictions, and no really serious or sustained attempt to bring the murderers to justice.

It is reported that a bill, modeled on the Wagner-Van Nuys bill, will be brought before the legislature of Mississippi. That is good, but what Mississippi needs more immediately than penal legislation is a determined effort to reform the communities in which lynchings occur, by supplying them with schools, and by encouraging in them the growth of genuine religion.

For Mississippi lynchings surpass all others in brutality. In most States the victims are merely hanged, or shot, or trampled to death. In others, they are drenched with oil or gasoline, and burned at the stake. But it was left for Mississippi to use the blow-torch on two victims.

## TEMPTATION

IT is a consolation to know that the devil is, has always been, and will always be, more than a bit of a fool. In one sense he may be called learned, because of his angelic nature which, though weakened by his fall, retains much of its intellectual power. But we do not have to turn to hell to find learned fools.

In the Gospel which the Church reads to us tomorrow, the first Sunday in Lent (Saint Matthew, iv, 1-11), Satan departs himself in characteristic fashion. How it was that the devil failed to recognize that this Man Who went into the desert to fast for forty days and forty nights, was in truth the Incarnate God, is something of a mystery. Satan knew the prophecies that had been written concerning the coming of the Saviour of the world. He knew of Bethlehem, and of Our Lady, the Virgin Mother, of the coming of the Wise Men, of the Flight into Egypt, and of the quiet years at Nazareth. He knew what had happened when this Man was baptized, and how John the Baptist with his disciples, and even a voice from Heaven, had proclaimed Him the Son of God.

Yet in spite of all this, Satan seems to have thought that he might bring Jesus under his domination. He even thought that he might lead the Son of God to adore him. We need hardly look for further testimony that Satan is a fool. Yet fool that he is, his schemes and plots can bring us to ruin.

Satan can try our fidelity to God by tests that are searching. But those are the less dangerous tests. The perilous tests are those which are alluring. Again, what he proposes may at times seem to be the sheerest common sense. In addition, he usually picks, with remarkable shrewdness, the time and the occasion to test us.

He bids Our Lord, for instance, change stones into bread at the very time that Jesus was hungry after His long fast. He tries to induce Our Lord to cast himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, and promises Him all the kingdoms of the world, just when Our Lord was about to begin His public mission which, argued Satan, would attract desirable attention begun with a miracle and backed by the control of riches and power. Apparently, he thought Our Lord would be caught by this reasoning. In much the same manner, Satan tries and tests all the children of men. He waits until he thinks we are ready to yield, and then he chooses the temptation which he believes will have the strongest appeal.

The old writer who compared Satan to a dog fastened to his kennel by a chain, may have done the animal an injustice. But he gave us a rule that is very useful in the spiritual life. Satan can rave and bark (or assume a very benign appearance to lure us on), but he can never harm us unless we deliberately draw near, and bring ourselves within biting distance. Even should he break the chain, we have a stone we can throw at him, and he will turn tail and flee. It is the stone of prayer, the "Begone, Satan," of Our Lord in tomorrow's Gospel.



# CHRONICLE

---

---

---

**THE ADMINISTRATION.** The pending naval bill will cost, not \$800,000,000 as was estimated, but \$1,050,000,000. If, in addition, an Atlantic fleet equal in strength to the Pacific fleet is built, the total will be \$3,200,000,000. . . . President Roosevelt ordered the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which holds \$1,500,000,000, to resume loans to "all deserving borrowers." . . . Before sailing for his ambassadorial post in London, Joseph P. Kennedy told the President bids of shipbuilders for projected merchant marine vessels were outrageously high. If the United States wants a merchant marine fleet it will have to take "some exceedingly strenuous measures," Mr. Kennedy said. Miss Perkins has opposed Kennedy's efforts to stabilize the marine labor chaos. . . . A series of broadcasts in which American leaders will speak to the British Empire has been arranged by the British Government. First was Secretary Ickes who spoke on a vast hook-up to the peoples of Great Britain and the Dominions. He referred to the "blood kinship," "the close intellectual and spiritual bonds," existing between the United States and Great Britain, denounced Fascism and Communism but declared: "Fascism constitutes the greatest threat in the world today." He called for a strengthening of the ties between Britain and America. . . . Thorough revision of the National Labor Relations Act, and a "consistent industrial relations policy" were recommended to President Roosevelt by the Business Advisory Council. . . . Mr. Roosevelt transmitted to Congress the report of the Advisory Committee on Education, urging Federal grants to the States for educational purposes. Beginning with \$70,000,000 in 1939, the grants would increase to \$199,000,000 annually by 1944. Parish and other private schools would share to a limited extent. The scheme was another move in the attempt to get the schools out of local hands and under Administration control, observers believed. . . . With the budget already unbalanced, new expenditures of huge proportions were being recommended.

---

---

---

**THE CONGRESS.** A bill was pondered by the House to tax radio broadcasting stations from one dollar per watt of power for the low-power stations to three dollars for the high-power ones. . . . Another House bill would shorten the inch in this country, make it nearer to the British inch. . . . Dr. Thomas H. Healy, dean of the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, told Congress the Government's foreign policies should be clarified before a vote is taken on the naval bill. The "vague hints" issued recently to the effect that Germany, Italy or Japan are menacing South America, he characterized as "goblin tales." He declared the American people are willing to pay for adequate naval de-

fense, "but they insist that heavy military expenditures be used to protect their own property, not that of some other nation." . . . Lester P. Barlow, inventor, advised building planes rather than battleships. He said a new "aerial mine" would soon be announced which would revolutionize warfare. . . . The thirty-day filibuster against the Anti-Lynching Bill was ended, as the Senate shelved the measure to consider the \$250,000,000 emergency relief proposal. The additional relief grant was approved. . . . The Administration continued using pressure to enforce the "third-basket" tax through the House. The provision makes one-family corporations pay higher taxes than others, is regarded as discriminatory by a majority of both the House and Senate tax-committees. . . . A plan said to be on foot to cut down the foreign war debt would meet determined opposition, informed circles declared.

---

---

---

**WASHINGTON.** The Bituminous Coal Commission revoked its minimum prices for the soft coal industry, will draw up new ones. . . . 2,800,000 joined the unemployed since October. . . . The United States Chamber of Commerce demanded a return to the States of State powers taken over by the Washington Government. . . . The boom for the Democratic nomination in 1940 burst over the country. Paul V. McNutt, High Commissioner to the Philippines, former Governor of Indiana, flew over the Pacific from Manila, attended celebrations arranged for him in Indiana and Washington. For piloting him from California to Denver, Lieut. Col. Johnson, army commander, was held to account by his superiors.

---

---

---

**AT HOME.** 22,000 new members joined the Communist party, William Z. Foster, national chairman, reported. Of the new Communists, one-half are from labor unions; a third are women; fifteen per cent are Negroes. . . . The Communist National Party Builders Congress was held in New York. . . . Five American "flying fortresses" flew from Miami to Buenos Aires, 5,200 miles, to attend the inauguration of Argentina's new President, Roberto M. Ortiz. They finished the trip in less than thirty-six hours.

---

---

---

**GREAT BRITAIN.** A Cabinet storm swept England, produced tempestuous scenes in Parliament, gradually quieted down. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and his Cabinet favored immediate initiation of Anglo-Italian conversations with the view of a British agreement with Italy in the interest of peace. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, in disagreement, resigned from the Cabinet. The Opposi-

tion seized the occasion to create a furore, denounced Chamberlain for "not standing up to the dictators." Chamberlain supporters retorted he was taking a "realistic" position as opposed to Eden's "impractical idealism." Eden, said to entertain a deep personal aversion for Mussolini, has long been regarded as an obstacle to an Italo-British understanding. . . . Prime Minister Chamberlain, ex-Secretary Eden continued their duel in Parliament, amid dramatic scenes. Mr. Chamberlain declared further refusal of Italian overtures would stir anti-English sentiment in Italy to an explosive point from which war might easily emerge. His policy included a place for a pact between the four major European powers, he said. He denied there had been any "now or never" threat from Italy. Mr. Chamberlain, long an advocate of the League of Nations, declared it was now like an automobile "with half its cylinders out of action," in view of the withdrawal of major powers. The Labor party asked for a vote of censure of the Chamberlain government. The House of Commons defeated the motion 330 to 168.

GERMANY. Chancellor Hitler finally delivered his once-postponed, anxiously-awaited speech to the Reichstag and the world. It was his most militant address. . . . 7,000,000 Germans are living in Austria, 3,000,000 in Czechoslovakia. Against their will, peace treaties prevented them from joining the Reich. They have the right of self-determination, the Chancellor declared. . . . There is no problem between the German army and the National Socialist party. . . . Demands for colonial possessions will be reiterated by Germany with increasing vigor. . . . The granting of credits by other nations will not avert German colonial claims. . . . Germany will never re-enter the League of Nations. . . . Germany recognizes Manchukuo. . . . Only one country is barred from the hope of entering into relations with Germany—Russia. . . . These and a few others are the highlights of the Hitler address. . . . The Fuehrer recounted the amazing number of lying reports sent out by Reuters, a British news agency, and English newspapers, declared means would be found for retaliatory action in this regard. . . . His failure to reveal his full intentions with respect to Austria caused disappointment. . . . Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, Hitler-picked Austrian Minister of the Interior, visited Berlin to receive his orders from the Berlin Fuehrer. . . . Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Meyer, sixteen years a German diplomat, resigned, declared Hitler's regime was the "Antichrist." Hitler himself is responsible for the fierce religious persecution of Christianity, the ex-diplomat said.

CHINA-JAPAN. The Japanese high command in central China was shaken up. General Shunroku Hata succeeded General Iwane Matsui as Commander-in-Chief. Changes in subordinate posts were effected. . . . Fighting continued for possession of the Lung-Hai Railway on a front some 300 miles long running from east of Hsuechow to near Loyang

in the Western Honan Province. . . . Chinese air raiders carried the war to Japanese territory, bombed the Island of Formosa. Twelve Chinese bombers were reported nearing Kyushu, one of the main Japanese islands. In the Formosa attack eight persons were killed, twenty-nine injured. . . . Japanese controlled 260,000 square miles in North China, 2,700 square miles in Central China.

AUSTRIA. Chancellor Schuschnigg was forced to surrender a great deal to Hitler, but he appeared to have salvaged something. He retained control of the army and a measure of independence. Doubt was expressed, however, that he could long resist further Hitler pressure unless foreign support was forthcoming. . . . Austrian Nazis were permitted to engage in political activity within Schuschnigg's Fatherland Front. . . . 1,000,000 Austrian workers were reported to have assured Schuschnigg of their support in the battle for Austrian independence. . . . Nazis, many just released from jail, celebrated throughout the provinces. In Vienna their numbers are small. . . . Chancellor Schuschnigg, in a stirring speech, declared Austria must remain free. Recognition of Austrian sovereignty was assured him by Hitler, he declared. To obtain peace, his Government had gone as far as it could under the Hitler demands, but it was "thus far and no farther," Schuschnigg said.

SPAIN. Generalissimo Francisco Franco's brigades recaptured Teruel, completely routed the widely publicized Loyalist offensive in that sector. In the last phases of the Teruel battle, Franco took 16,290 prisoners, buried 9,000 Loyalist dead. . . . From Teruel, 120 miles east of Madrid, sixty west of the coast, the gold and red Nationalist banners began pushing on toward the Mediterranean. A drive to the coast would split Loyalist territory in two.

FOOTNOTES. Italy believed her suspicion that Foreign Secretary Eden was the principal obstacle to Anglo-Italian understanding was confirmed by the London Cabinet crisis. . . . France was alarmed by Eden's resignation, feared diminished French prestige on the continent. The Government asked 12,000,000,000 francs for new armaments. . . . In Russia, two Soviet Admirals were executed. After perilous drifting on an ice floe, Soviet North Pole scientists were rescued. . . . Rio Grande do Sul, Brazilian State with a large German population, banned Nazi, Fascist, other political organizations. . . . The Holy See protested to the Yugoslav Government its decision not to present the concordat to the Senate for ratification. Yugoslav Catholics are placed in an inferior position with respect to other religions in Yugoslavia. The Yugoslav Government broke its pledges to alter this situation by a concordat. . . . King Carol of Rumania proclaimed a new Constitution for Rumania. Parliamentary system is abandoned, a corporative Chamber and Senate takes its place.



# CORRESPONDENCE

---

---

## ANGLICAN EVOLUTION

EDITOR: Father William J. McGarry, S.J., in your issue of January 29, criticizes Bishop Manning for saying that "the evolutionary theory has been accepted in the Anglican communion for the past fifty years." He seems shocked that the report of the Anglican Commission "opens the door in welcome to evolution."

In the *Question Box* the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway says: "Evolution is in no sense at variance with the theistic or Christian theory of life." He says that theory has never been condemned by any of the Roman Congregations. Again: "As the Church has made no pronouncement upon evolution, Catholics are perfectly free to accept evolution, either as a scientific hypothesis or as a philosophical speculation."

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle in a pamphlet, *Evolution and Catholicity*, says in reference to the first chapters of Genesis: "We are not bound to interpret these chapters literally where expressions are patently not used in the strict sense but metaphorically or anthropomorphically. . . ."

"Since it was not the intention of the sacred author, when writing the first chapters of Genesis, to teach us the innermost nature of visible things, nor to present the whole order of creation in a scientific manner, but rather to furnish to his readers, an Oriental people accustomed to highly figurative language, with a popular account adapted to the senses; to man's intelligence. . . ."

Father McGarry says that the evolutionist "holds that dozens, if not hundreds, of primates became men." But Father John A. O'Brien, in *Evolution and Religion*, says: "But no scientist of repute in the world today maintains that man is a lineal descendant from the monkey, the ape, the gorilla or the chimpanzee."

I fear that this article does not breathe the spirit of tolerance and kindness. And I suspect that Anglicans will not be drawn by such an article to submit themselves in obedience to the Pope.

New York, N. Y. CHARLES WILLIAM PHILLIPS

EDITOR: Mr. Phillips is concerned with several statements in my article. Now I did not blame the Anglican Commission for any general statement about evolution, but for the specific assertion that early Genesis may be regarded as a myth, and I therefore blame them for weakening the doctrine of Original Sin through a single pair of first parents. That dogma does not stand if many first men and women evolved from the animal stage, no matter what the animal. Hence, Mr. Phillips' quotations from Conway, Windle and O'Brien are not quite applicable.

As far as tolerance is concerned, I am greatly

sympathetic to Anglicans, but not for any leaders or advisers of this sincere group of men and women when these leaders and advisers take positions which are as adverse to Anglican theological principles as to Catholic ones. Officially, the Anglican Church stands for Revelation and the supernatural. It holds the dogma of Original Sin and has the Sacrament of Baptism. The report of the Commission cuts under such doctrines.

Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, S.J.

## YOUNG PATRIARCH

EDITOR: Much as I enjoyed the interesting article, *Life Begins at Eighty*, by Robert C. Hartnett, S.J. (February 5), it seems to me that the omission of Bishop J. R. Crimont's name was almost unpardonable.

I saw six years of service in his vast diocese of Alaska, three of which were spent in Juneau as his secretary. The much-loved and venerated Jesuit bishop is just rounding his eightieth year, and to see him walk and hear him sing and officiate, one would think he is not yet fifty.

I have flown with him, seen him ride dirty little boats, walk across tundra. It seems to me he is a living exponent of the thesis which was so beautifully expressed in Father Hartnett's article.

Saint Paul's, Mont.

G. M. MENAGER, S.J.

## LITHUANIAN LIBERTY

EDITOR: Any more persecution for the Church of Christ in our day seems to be just another drop in the bucket. Recently the liberal Government of Lithuania has added its share *via* the educational field. So far, AMERICA apparently has not mentioned this added drop of gall. It is certainly of interest to some 300,000 Lithuanian Catholics in the United States.

In a second major violation of the Vatican Concordat, the Lithuanian Government attempted to abolish the chairs of Catholic philosophy and theology at the University of Vytautas. Since then, due to the united protest of Lithuanian Catholics the world over, the bill was not passed as proposed, but modified. Now the law allows the chairs to remain, but degrees granted by this faculty will not be recognized for civil service or any other employment requiring Government approval, *i.e.*, all teaching positions and almost all the so-called white-collar jobs.

Foreseeing these possibilities, for years the Catholic Hierarchy have desired a Catholic University of Lithuania. Not long ago their hopes were about to be realized; the fund was almost complete, and

building could begin. But at the height of their joy, Government permission, already granted, was withdrawn. The Bishops demanded an explanation. None was given. Puzzled Catholics had to face the world, and shamefacedly stammer that Lithuania was not yet ready for its Catholic University.

Today, two movements are afoot: the first to restore privileges to the chairs of Catholic philosophy and theology at the University of Vytautas; and the second to regain the revoked permission for a Catholic University.

However, this is one persecution that *can* be stopped. So far the Government has been checked by protest. It can be hindered further by more vigorous protest. If Lithuania is to celebrate (February 16) its twentieth anniversary of independence properly, let there be complete independence—of thought, of religion and of education! *Ir sviesa ir tiesa mus zingsnius telydi!*

Weston, Mass.

WALTER C. JASKIEVICZ

## MILITANCY

EDITOR: Having read Observer's letter entitled *Free Education* (February 12), I agree with his sentiments in the lack of opportunity afforded the poor to acquire education of the higher order. But perhaps there are good reasons why Catholic institutions are unable to do so.

However, "a study of ecclesiastical Latin free," seems to me an unnecessary luxury at this time when our holy Religion is going through a crisis perhaps unequaled in the history of this nation as a result of pagan practices and Communistic doctrines being flaunted before the eyes of both young and old of both sexes.

While not opposing "bingo parties, bazaars, bridge and basket-ball games," I am of the sincere belief that if we curtailed some of them and used our "Catholic tax-free educational buildings" for the purpose of study clubs and Catholic action clubs to hold meetings and to organize a united front against the false teachings of the world, the flesh and the devil that are so rampant in this epoch, we would then be exemplifying the teachings of Christ and His apostles.

I was taught that in order to participate in the triumph of Heaven we must manifest a degree of militancy on earth. This writer firmly believes that if our Catholic militancy is not of a more aggressive character we are going to suffer a good many defeats—in spite of the fact that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church.

Sioux City, Iowa.

JOHN CONWAY

## NOAH AND DANIEL

EDITOR: We Catholic writers, thinkers and practitioners of Catholic Action are going to have many headaches if we don't follow the dictionary meaning of the word *liberal*.

These are the perfectly true and even noble

meanings, among others, that Webster's *New International Dictionary* gives in defining the adjective.

*Liberal*: 1. Befitting, or worthy of, a man of free birth; free; not servile or mean; not restricted; esp., not narrowly restricted by pecuniary or utilitarian considerations; as, a liberal manner. 2. Generous; bounteous; open-handed; as, a liberal giver, etc. 5. Not strict or rigorous, etc. 6. Catholic; free from bigotry. 7. Often, specif., having tendency toward democratic or republican, as distinguished from monarchical or aristocratic forms.

As against the "healthy" meanings of the adjective *liberal* given above, Catholic thinkers are prone to make the following "poisonous" meaning by itself cancel all the good meanings: 7. Not bound by authority, orthodox tenets or established forms in political or religious philosophy. (This quotation is taken directly from the same Webster dictionary, of course.)

I am now going to write a sentence in which I use the adjective *liberal* five times, and believe that any fair-minded scholar (Catholic or non-Catholic) will admit that in this sentence I make no statement, expressed or implied, that is unfavorable toward Catholic dogma or doctrine (which I accept *in toto* and practise, even to the point of including certain counsels of perfection).

This is my test sentence that I believe will be acceptable (so far as the science of semantics goes) to Catholics, non-Catholics, dictionary-makers, Senators, Representatives, scholars, editors, etc.: "President Roosevelt is a liberal Democrat; Borah a liberal Republican; Norris a liberal Independent; Brandeis a liberal Supreme Court justice; and Father Coughlin is an expounder of the liberal social philosophy of the Catholic Church that desires to set men free."

I know that we Catholics cannot accept "liberal philosophy" in the spiritual sense of interfering with the deposit of Faith, and also cannot accept it in the domain of economics in the form of fierce individualism, etc. But in heaven's name let's give legislators, editors, etc. a chance to use the word *liberal* in its several good senses and not think of it exclusively in its one or two "poisonous" meanings or interpretations.

New Orleans, La. WILLIAM MORGAN HANNON

## PROTOCOLS FALSE

EDITOR: In his letter to AMERICA (February 19) Royal Jarvis is still naive enough to believe in the reliability of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* which the Berne trial has disproved as a forgery. Hugo Valentin, Hermann Bernstein, the London *Times* in March, 1921, declared them false and misleading.

Like Belloc on the Jews, your correspondent believes in rumors and falsehoods. Let him read the voluminous literature on them—yes, by Gentile authorities such as Ralph Graves of the London *Times*—before making cheap generalizations and unfair deductions.

Boston, Mass.

I. N. D.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

---

## AN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF CHARLIE PHILLIPS

NORBERT ENGELS

---

IT is hard to call him anything but "Charlie." He was that kind of a fellow: a cheery, solicitous, vibrant, animating sort of a man with a bald head and rosy face, horn-rimmed glasses, a deep and hearty chuckle; a bountiful host whether he were entertaining Chesterton or a student or me in his tower room. He wore, whether by purpose or indifference, a youngish checked coat with a pinched back, white shoes, loud neckties, and a wrinkled gabardine when it rained. His door was always unlocked: we simply walked in, took a look into his study or bedroom, helped ourselves to a cigaret and a magazine and awaited his return. Or, if he were in, we would shout thunderously at him, jab him in the ribs, and settle down to a one-man conversation, Charlie doing all the talking.

You see, Charlie was almost stone-deaf. He sometimes tried to get away with it, and frequently did when all he had to do was step up to a window and ask for a ticket to Chicago. In a restaurant he always anticipated the next question of the waitress and was ready for her. But one Sunday morning, after ordering his breakfast and answering the usual query; "Coffee, tea, or milk?" with: "Tea, please," the waitress caught him off his guard by coming back to ask: "Black or green tea?"

"Well, then," said Charlie in some confusion, "If you haven't tea I'll take coffee."

"We have tea, sir. Do you wish black or green tea?"

Charlie was stumped. "Is the milk cold?" he asked.

She was a bit exasperated. We knew well enough not to interfere in Charlie's game. She asked him again.

"Let it go," said Charlie. "I'll just drink this glass of water."

Charlie Phillips was one of the best loved men ever to be associated with Notre Dame. He was not a great teacher in the strictest academic sense, for he was too much inclined to wander and reminisce and sentimentalize a bit. Nor was he exactly a Mr. Chips. But he had the precious faculty of stimulating his students to discover for themselves more than they could have hoped to get from a

mere formal lecture with all its bewildering array of notations and authorities and references and footnotes and general obscurity. Yet, Charlie Phillips was himself a scholarly and cultured man, who made his students by his example desire to become scholars and men of culture as well. He was not awesome or appalling or stifling in his lectures. But he was stimulating. In that he was a very great teacher. He made you feel that as soon as you had written something, or read something, or discovered something, or had an idea about something you could not wait to get to his room to talk about it. And you always came away with the determination that you were going to make it better, whatever it was, and never with the feeling that what you had done was altogether worthless. In an article about the writing of poetry I once said:

One of the things that so endeared the late Professor Charles Phillips to his students was that he could always find something nice to say, some word of encouragement, before he started to suggest revisions. He knew, apparently, that no tree is so sensitive to pruning, and yet needs it so much, as the sapling poet. Teachers of other subjects may prefer other means, but the man who tries to teach others how to write poetry must be mighty careful that the bellows with which he fans the flame is not strong enough to blow it out.

And now, considering it even further, it seems to me that that paragraph accurately pegs the character of Charlie Phillips as a teacher in general.

He did not start out by being a teacher. He started out by being a newspaper man. He was a reporter on the *Washington Post*. He was at various times the editor of *The Northwestern Chronicle*, *New Century*, *The Monitor*, *Republican Voice*; associate literary editor of *The Catholic World*, and co-founder and editor of *Pan*. He contributed liberally to the leading Catholic periodicals. He was the author of several books, including *Back Home* (poems), *The New Poland*, *The Teacher's Year*, *The Doctor's Wooing*, *High in Her Tower* (poems), *The Early Lincoln*, *Paderewski: The Story of a Modern Immortal*; several plays, such as *The Shepherd of the Valley*, *The Fool of God*, and *The Divine Friend*, the last having been produced

by Margaret Anglin in 1915. He traveled over much of the world: through France and Germany in the A. E. F. with the Knights of Columbus; France, Poland, and Russia with the American Red Cross; Mexico as special commissioner of the National Catholic Welfare Conference; England, Ireland, Italy, and most of the United States and Canada. Among his friends he listed William Butler Yeats, Margaret Anglin, Paderewski, Madame Modjeska, Pilsudski, Otis Skinner and Theodore Roosevelt. He enjoyed private audiences with Popes Pius X and Benedict XV, and knew Pope Pius XI well, when the present Pope was Papal delegate to Poland. He told me the story of how Msgr. Ratti entered a room where they were dancing. They stopped, but he begged them to continue, saying: "I want to see how the Americans dance."

Charlie Phillips was born in New Richmond, Wisconsin, November 20, 1880. He studied at De La Salle in Toronto, University of Minnesota and Catholic University, studied Dante in Florence, and spent a short time during the summer of 1931 at Oxford. In 1914 he was granted an honorary degree, Master of Arts, by St. Mary's College (California). In 1924 he began to teach at Notre Dame and remained there until his death, December 29, 1933.

Unquestionably his best writing is found in his prose. Yet there is, for me at least, a sufficient quality in his poetry to warrant such an evaluation as this. I do not think that he was a great poet. But I do think that he was sometimes a good poet. Naturally, his sentimentality sometimes overcame his better critical judgment. And he had good critical judgment in poetic matters too, but it was more for other poetry than his own. His first publication was *Back Home, an Old-Fashioned Poem*, which went into five editions. In spite of this apparent popularity I find it much too old-fashioned for my taste and his time.

His second book of poems, *High in Her Tower*, contains much that is better, some that is genuinely good as in the final stanza of *Rose in the Rain*:

Teach me when I'm undone  
To stand and to drink of the cup of tears and pain  
As I've quaffed the cup of the sun.

and the two final stanzas of *Music*:

He speaks; He gives unto my soul,  
Unto my listening ear, its meed:  
He breathes upon me with the breath  
Of Music—and my soul is freed

And I am lifted up and held  
A little while, a child, to see  
The beauty of my Father's House  
Which shall no more be shut from me.

He loved music. A curious thing to be noted is that he could "hear" the softest tones from a muted violin even though voices in the same room were inaudible to him. And though he did not understand music technically, I find that in *Paderewski* his interpretive passages on music display an accuracy that could have been only instinctive. I have always admired one of the early passages in that book:

No stillness can be so sudden or so deep as the  
stillness of a mountain valley with night coming

down. Move one step, displace a pebble in the path,  
and the sound breaks through the silence with  
startling sharpness. I stood perfectly still. There  
was no sound whatsoever. And then, not suddenly,  
not disturbing the silence, but as if it were a part  
of it, music seemed to come out of that empty house  
at my feet.

Faith was a very real thing to him. He frequently served at a six o'clock Mass in Sorin Hall Chapel. He knew what the essence, what the hub and rim of his being was. He wrote a good deal of religious poetry, much of which is inferior to his own personal religious character. Yet, here and there one finds a flash of something that is deep and real, something that is a true revelation of the inner Charlie Phillips. I like his short poem, *Eucharist*, especially in these lines:

Even so, the blade, the weed,  
Feeding on the Entire Sun,  
One to all and all to one.

He was deeply affected by the miseries of war he saw in France and Poland, and wrote at least a dozen war poems, of which I think *Quentin's Grave* to be the best. It was written for Quentin Roosevelt who was killed in an air battle in 1918. One of its stanzas reads:

Searchers, tarry not . . . not here . . .  
Nay, lift up your eyes!  
Far above blue Chambéry's skies  
Hear ye not his challenge clear?  
Not in any grave he lies—  
Quentin is not here!

For Poland he had almost a native love. He was constantly speaking before Polish societies, organizing Polish clubs, writing prose and poetry about these people. His death was mourned by Poles throughout the country. A short lyric, *Young Poland*, is included among his war poems.

Charlie Phillips was an idealist. In the best sense of the word he was a dreamer; in the popular sense, which includes indolence and the indifference toward decision, he was anything else. In fact, he was a tremendous worker. Besides being a good Catholic poet he was a good all-around Catholic layman. His principles were of the highest, and his habits beyond reproach. In spite of the tragic circumstances which separated him from his wife, a patient in a Washington, D. C. hospital, his nature was generally happily-disposed, at times effervescent. He was particularly close to many students, with whom he corresponded regularly after they had been graduated; when they would marry he would send them each a present, and then wait to read the small talk of the letters which followed, all about the house and the furniture, the baby, and, of course, the wife.

I suppose that every poet has written a *Prospice*. Here is Charlie Phillips's, which was published in AMERICA:

Time was when I would tremble to pass by  
The lonely graveyard gate,  
Refusal in my heart, and a strong cry  
Of fear and fearful hate.

But now I fear no more, with head held high  
I enter, heart elate,  
Take my stern stand without a tear or sigh  
Beside the dead, and wait.



# BOOKS

## HE RULED BRAZIL FOR HALF A CENTURY

DOM PEDRO. THE MAGNANIMOUS. By Mary Wilhelmine Williams. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50

DOM PEDRO, the second Emperor of Brazil belonged to the Braganza family. He succeeded to the throne left open by the abdication of his father, Dom Pedro I. This abdication occurred in 1831. The country was governed by a regency till Dom Pedro was declared of age in 1840. Thus he began ruling when little more than a child. He continued as ruler of Brazil till 1889.

His life was a colorful one. Many notable achievements such as the complete liberation of all the slaves of Brazil without the cost of a bloody civil war graced his long reign. Some of the troubles he inherited and could not overcome. He could not help it that his country was an economic pawn in England's hand. So was Portugal, the land of his ancestors. In fact it is only a few days ago that the dictator of Brazil put the Bank of England in its place. He could not help it that the South American political pattern was a half hearted and half understood series of borrowings from "constitutional" governments alternating with dictatorships. He could not help it that so-called republics in Latin America were obsessed with the idea that the first duty of a republic is to kill priests and nuns, and to burn down colleges, convents and churches.

The most notable defect in the book is the failure to understand the question of Masonry's hidden hand in the politics of Latin America. The author might have gone farther afield and tried to understand how Masonry has hamstrung Spain for a hundred years past, how it well nigh wrecked the army of France at the inception of the World War, how it was such a baneful force in Italy that Mussolini had to suppress it. She might have given some data on how Masonry has worked against the religion of most Mexicans for the last hundred years. She seems to regard Masonry as a force chiefly social, occupied with a round of banquets and benevolences instead of that which it really is, an *imperium in imperio*.

The government in the ancient Roman and even European meaning is the *Respublica*. When the "Public Thing" becomes a private affair of a small secret society, there is bound to be friction with civil and ecclesiastical government, both of which are by their nature public. In the account of Church and State which graces the life of Dom Pedro the Masonry question is surely not handled with any philosophical depth. The learned author gets lost in documents. ALFRED G. BRICKEL

## BRAVE EXPONENT OF CATHOLIC VERITY

INSURRECTION VERSUS RESURRECTION. THE WILFRID WARDS AND THE TRANSITION. By Maisie Ward. Sheed and Ward. \$3.75

REMINISCENCES and biographical details of *The Wilfrid Wards*, father and mother of Maisie Ward, are continued in this present volume which is in reality a second part to the previous one. The authoress regarded the years before the close of the old century as a period of transition, ecclesiastically and otherwise. The first decades of the new century are captioned as years of "Insurrection" because of the Modernist crisis, and of "Resurrection" because of the resurgence and renewed

activity featured in the life of the Catholic Church. Modernism as a movement had, of course, begun before 1900, and with Leo XIII, progressively from the beginning of his Pontificate, so too the resurgence—but the titles will do.

Since Wilfrid Ward was an outstanding Catholic lay leader of the early years of the present century, doubtless it is instructive and profitable to have a detailed portrait of the man and his activities. He had his finger on the pulse of his times; he was a brave exponent of his own strongly conceived views, and he was influential, as editor of the *Dublin Review* especially, as an intellectual force. But readers will probably not agree entirely in esteeming the subject of this book in the way in which a devoted daughter regards an eminent father—even though not inclined to blame the occasional enthusiasm of the authoress.

The best chapters in this book are those which deal with the critical years when Modernism lifted its threatening head. Those dealing with Wilfrid Ward's editorship of the *Dublin Review* serve as intimate historical details concerning an editor's trials and successes, but they are often monotonous. And in general, the reviewer is of the opinion that Maisie Ward's forte is not biography. The book could be considerably shortened. Footnotes could have replaced prolix quotations from letters. The maze of citations, short and long, cause the reader to lose the thread of the chapter. Some 500 pages could have been profitably reduced to 250. The authoress is inclined occasionally to give us her own moralisings, valuable possibly, but distracting.

WILLIAM J. MCGARRY

## BY YON BONNIE BRAES

A SON OF SCOTLAND. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3

SINCE our daily newspaper headlines shriek of wars and rumors of war too insistently, it is a glad some relaxation to find a modern author who recounts historic battles merely as background to add interest to romantic country side. R. H. Bruce Lockhart, world traveler, diplomat and author of *British Agent* returns to his native land to give us the story of his childhood in the picturesque Highlands of Scotland. What man, regardless of stature or demeanor, has not the boyish heart to respond with genuine pleasure to the relating of little-boy pranks and adventures among historic hills and streams?

Mr. Lockhart is now fifty years old and took active part in the Great War, but his busy, happy boyhood, which makes up the material of this new volume, is unclouded by such anticipation. In one succinct paragraph Mr. Lockhart expresses the scope and purpose of this book when he says in the first chapter:

It is something more than a mere chronicle of my early life. In it I attempt not merely to describe the influences which, for better or worse, have determined my character but also to recapture a past that has gone beyond power of return and, through the eyes of an exile who has visited many countries, to compare the Scotland of that period with the Scotland of today.

His mother was a Macgregor and Highland through and through. The Lockharts were Lowlander and there were great temperamental differences between these two. His father was Head-Master of Boy's schools pat-

turned after the British public school plan. The brother, next in age to Bruce, was Rufus and these two were inseparable companions, and of him he speaks with un-failing loyalty.

All the details of their boyish adventures are interspersed with clear word pictures of the lovely Scottish hill sides and he often digresses into the historical background of a country brimming over with material for romantic exploits of a hardy and venturesome race. Forty years ago in Scotland and elsewhere discipline was enforced and family life was hardy and austere, but there was still time for innocent mischief and all the fun two small boys could devise. Sports played a vastly important part in their schedule and skill was acquired at an early age in rugby, cricket, tennis and golf. At fishing and shooting they became adept and the chapter on the contemplative art of fishing will delight the hearts of all true anglers.

There is much, so much in this story to warm the hearts of those who in the reading cannot help but recall their childhood memories with the glamour of distance. Vacations with imperious and generous grandmothers, roaming the hills and exploring the villages, the excitement of new schools, the early friendships with great persons of the day, or those who were to become great; all these varied interests make this fascinating autobiography. The memoirs carry us to his departure for a special school in Germany, his first experience away from home. His later wanderings into the world from his beloved Scotland are left for his other books.

CATHERINE MURPHY

## BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

**CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS.** By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.50

THIS volume is the choice of the Literary Guild for February, and a choice to be heartily commended. The story of Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe is told in masterly fashion, every incident lives before the reader, and the central figure is utterly real and convincing. The first chapter, *Navigare necesse est*, gives a clear exposition of the conditions and needs of the day, so that a real understanding of the work of Magellan is possible. The interest rises steadily through the next chapters telling of the youth of the young Portuguese, his break with his own land and his success in winning the support of Charles V. From this point the story is of extraordinary power and the reader is caught up into the very existence of Magellan.

Even when the Straits of Magellan were safely past and the great smooth South Sea lay before them, the mariners had still to face famine that almost exterminated them. A brief rest in the Philippines and then—oh! the pity of it—after so many dangers and hardships and agony of mind and body, with the essential victory won and its fruits almost within his reach, Magellan met his death at the hands of a few naked savages. The book is not depressing, but rather stimulating to energy and courage by its splendid narration, its vivid portraiture and its outspoken sympathy for all that is best in the conflict of a human will against every form of disaster and difficulty.

Perhaps no book has ever been written on the great navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which so quickens the pulse and stirs the imagination of its readers.

MOTHER MARY LAWRENCE

**TRUMPETS CALLING.** By Dora Aydelotte. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2

READERS who have a yen for pioneer stories will find Miss Aydelotte's *Trumpets Calling* as irresistible as the early settlers of Cherokee Strip found "Maw" Prawl. The story narrates the great migration into Oklahoma Territory in the 1890's and the heroine is the courageous

Martha Prawl. Typical plainswoman, indomitable, fearless, charitable, altogether lovable, she domineers her husband, Dave, her children, her neighbors and the story in the bargain. There are plenty of hardships and privations, with a goodly sprinkling of happiness and pleasant adventures to make a very readable story that dramatizes a typical family of the American frontier. And if it's romance you are after, there is plenty to boot with Alma's runaway match with a cowboy, Ben's unhappy experience and eventual success, and final happy union of Ernie and Java. Martha Prawl's days were full.

ALBERT WHELAN

**REORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD SYSTEM, 1893-1900.** By E. G. Campbell. Columbia University Press. \$4.50

NOT the least interesting phase of American railroads is the history of their finances. Chaotic conditions, egregious blunders, abuses and reckless graft blemish the tale of our transportation developments. Early magnates frequently regarded the finances of the roads as fertile sources from which to derive personal gain by over-expansion, by over-capitalization, or by piracy. The present work studies the railroads as they were effected by the panic of 1893, the ensuing depression, and the first years of recovery.

The record includes, as it must, the unparalleled developments in mileage, the mismanagement and scandalous corruptions. It describes and analyzes the reorganizations promoted and controlled by J. P. Morgan, the operations of the Morgan-Hill alliance, and the rivalling efforts of E. H. Harriman. Of course, not all the railroads met the panic and depression in the same state of debility. Some were in sound financial condition and needed no reorganization.

The author concludes that the railroad failures of the 1890's were due not so much to the panic of 1893 as to the unsound financial conditions of the failing railroads. These conditions postulated reorganization and made possible a certain amount of coordination of railway systems by lodging control of the roads in the hands of a few bankers.

The record is illumined with thumb-nail sketches of important personages. The work of interpretation, aside from major conclusions, is done by citing contemporary opinions. The work merits praise for its objectivity, the scholarly tone, and the clearly analyzed presentation of an involved problem.

R. F. X. CAHILL

**DRY GUILLOTINE.** By René Belbenoit. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3

AN *escapée* from the French prison in Guiana after fifteen years of horrible experiences, René Belbenoit gives a detailed account of his life there in the hope of influencing public opinion to demand the wiping out of this blot on civilization. The colony is generally known as "Devil's Island" and this designation is retained in the publisher's advertisement, but Belbenoit explains that Devil's Island is used for only a few special prisoners, while the main groups are on the mainland and other islands. The descriptions are harrowing in the extreme; vice in its most hideous forms rules both guards and prisoners, and a man condemned to this earthly hell is almost certainly doomed to degeneration or an early death.

As he was not of robust health, Belbenoit attributed his survival and escape to the power of his will which refused to be conquered. Like the rest, his daily thought was of escape, and he made four attempts before his final success. An impenetrable jungle cuts off flight on one side of the colony, while the ocean guards the other. It is not so hard to start the journey, and many are doing it every year, but they perish, are recaptured, or return in complete exhaustion. Every feature of the prison life is marked by repulsive exhibitions of human cruelty and degradation, but perhaps saddest of all are the accounts of young prisoners, not yet rooted in crime, who are quickly and hopelessly ruined by the rottenness around them.



There is no priest there, and no vestige of religion; the prisoners live like vicious animals and at death are dumped into the sea for the waiting sharks. From the descriptions the colony is an ideal city in the kingdom of anti-Christ and shows what man can do to man when Satan has replaced God as his master.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By Winifred Holtby. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

JUST how far are editors, though they be relatives or friends of a dead author, justified in making public that author's early manuscript writings? It is always difficult to say. The writings here in question consist of a large packet of private letters sent by Winifred Holtby, mostly when in her middle twenties, "to a friend," Jean McWilliam. Now Miss Holtby's was a talent that matured slowly and is seen to greatest advantage in her last book *South Riding* published two years ago, just before her untimely death. Is it quite fair then to give these letters to the world? Perhaps yes, for all self-revelations are of interest; and these pages draw back the curtain from a vibrant, generous personality, keenly alert to loveliness and full enthusiasm, and often provide pleasant enough chit-chat of men, books and affairs. Winifred Holtby was for six years the house-mate of Vera Brittain whose *Testament of Youth* proved such an unflinching indictment of the late War, and some of these letters supplement chapters in that book.

PAULA KURTH

LEAVES FROM A SURGEON'S CASE-BOOK. By James Harpole. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.75

AN actual case noted in the diary of an English surgeon, who prefers to hide his identity behind a *nom de plume*, gives occasion for the title of this book. Throughout high praise is given to British physicians, as would be expected, but there is a short laudation of one American, Dr. William C. Gorgas, who freed the Panama Canal Zone from the pest of Yellow Fever. The statements of the author are generally orthodox, but his accounts of Sterilization and Eugenics suggest, if they do not claim, the righteousness of interference with the Natural Law. There is a good chapter on *This Vitamin Business*, though it hardly can be said to be a Leaf from a Case-Book; but it makes interesting and instructive reading nevertheless on the subject.

According to the last chapter on the Laws of Human Destiny, excess or deficiency or disease of the internal glands can turn one into a giant, a dwarf, a coward or a hero, a saint or a sinner. However, it is admitted that heredity and environment are two other very important factors in shaping individuality. The book is engagingly written as a whole, and will furnish interesting reading for the leisure moments of the medically inclined.

FRANCIS DORE

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW. By Rev. Leo F. Miller, Ph.D. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc.

FATHER MILLER'S commentary on Saint Matthew is one that should have wide circulation among the laity who are becoming increasingly conversant with the Bible and particularly with the New Testament. Only too frequently much is read about the life of our Lord and the authentic source-documents, written under God's own inspiration, are neglected. To the Gospels we must go if we want to get first-hand knowledge, yet those same Gospels need much clarifying. Under the skillful guidance of Father Miller's footnotes the text of Saint Matthew's Gospel becomes clear, and it finds its proper setting in the scholarly, yet very readable, introduction. The publisher has done a fine bit of set-up and lay-out, and has thus given due prominence to the analyses with which the author has prefaced the major sub-divisions of the Gospel. This volume will be found useful in all discussion-groups which are engaged in the study of the life of Christ, and will prove a quick reference book to the pulpit orator who desires accurate and succinct exegesis of a Gospel passage.

F. P. LE BUFFE

## THEATRE

ON BORROWED TIME. We are now deep in a theatrical season of religion, mysticism, and more or less profound study of death. Our two great Catholic plays, *Father Malachy's Miracle* and *Shadow and Substance*, have been followed by *Our Town*, reviewed here last week, and by *On Borrowed Time*. This latest offering, dramatized by Paul Osborn from Lawrence Edward Watkin's novel, and produced at the Longacre Theatre by Dwight Deere Wiman, is sharing the honors of the early Spring season with its mystical predecessors. In its different way, it is equally impressive.

That way is very different indeed. One follows *Our Town* in a mental state of rapt absorption and gentle melancholy. The action of *On Borrowed Time*, however, is interrupted again and again by whoops of delight from its audience over the dialogue between the two leading characters—an old grandfather and his little grandson of six. Some of this dialogue does not seem uproariously funny to this reviewer, for the most popular bits of it are the child's parrot-like repetition of the old man's profanity. That profanity is rich, racy and incessant. It pours forth like a fountain in full action and one character in the play violently objects to it. She is a spinster and a most unpleasant one; but she is right in her criticisms of that stream of profanity, which falls incessantly on the receptive ears of a little child.

Though the old man has one of those hearts of gold we hear so much about, she deplores his influence over the child and tries to get the boy away from him. Death, also, is determined to separate the two; and the drama of the play lies in the struggle between Death and the old man. If the old fellow dies his beloved grandson will come under the spinster's authority. It is made clear that, aside from the matter of profanity, her control will be fatal to the boy. The grandfather resolves to live, for the child's sake. He locks horns with Death, as it were, and fights him to the finish—literally sending him "up a tree." For twenty-four hours Death is helpless. No one and nothing in the world can die. In the end, of course, the old man is conquered and Death mercifully takes the child with him.

The relation between this grandfather and this grandson (always aside from their profanity) is one of the most appealing stage features of the season. As illustrated by Dudley Digges as the grandfather and by Peter Holden as the little boy, it is not acting at all. It is genius, showing us two human hearts, one very old and one very young, so powerfully knit together that not even Death can separate them.

Among the characters of the play Death stalks about, as in an earlier play—*Death Takes a Holiday*. But it is no majestic figure of death we see here, as we did then. Death is shown as a simple, unobtrusive young man, wearing dark clothes and a derby hat. He touches gently the shoulder or the brow of the one who must follow him, and he is followed. He is patient. He even waits for an old lady to finish a hem she is sewing. He is merciful. He bears no malice against the grandfather for delaying his work. He refuses to separate those two devoted hearts—so old, so young, which nevertheless understand each other so well.

Not every one will appreciate *On Borrowed Time*. Not every one will approve of it. But every one will be interested in it; and every lover of superb acting should see it. Every listener in the theatre should also hear the play, but he will not. Dwight Deere Wiman is an inspired director, but even he cannot make his players speak up. Apparently no human power can bring about the modern miracle of making audible the enunciation of the ladies and gentlemen of the New York stage.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

## FILMS

---

**THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER.** This warmly sympathetic film treatment of Mark Twain's best known book, reflecting an adult sense of humor unmingled with cynicism and condescension, achieves the final expurgation of our First Pessimist of letters and gives him second-hand claim to a wholesomeness he would probably have despised. David Selznick's production, in full Technicolor, perpetuates the popular Twain in making an exciting, vigorous and thoroughly boyish adventure of Tom Sawyer's short career. All the familiar exploits, including the whitewashing ruse, the romance with Becky Thatcher, the youthful passion for cabalism linked with wart-removing, the sojourn on the pirate island and the terrifying experience in the cave, are duly recorded and the supporting characters, Huck Finn, Aunt Polly and the rest, retain their remembered shapes and dispositions. Director Norman Taurog displays an old talent for coaxing veteran performances from child actors and is particularly fortunate in his present cast. Tommy Kelly, especially discovered for the role, plays Tom with effective naturalness, aided by Jackie Moran, as Huck, May Robson, Victor Jory, Ann Gillis and many others. The mechanical excellence of the picture adds an adult interest of its own to supplement the nostalgic appeal of the story and younger audiences will find it exceptionally good entertainment. (*United Artists*)

**BRINGING UP BABY.** The airy nonsense which passes for the plot of this film may mark it as the screen farce to end all farces. It is an excessively light piece, sometimes amusing and sometimes merely strained and artificial. The curator of a New York museum is about to interrupt his archeological pursuits long enough to marry his efficient assistant when he meets a whimsical young lady with a baby leopard. Seized as an authority on the care of wild animals, the thoughtful young man is whirled off to Connecticut where he takes part in subsequent mad events involving the escape of the pet leopard and the appearance of another, not domesticated, direct from a traveling circus. True love rears its head while the pet fanciers repose in jail for disturbing the New England peace. The hitherto dignified Katharine Hepburn is rather more willing than able in an unaccustomed role but Mr. Grant, perhaps because he has no tragedian's spots to change, manages ably. Charles Ruggles and May Robson contribute amusing moments in a picture to satisfy the family. (*RKO*)

**TO THE VICTOR.** A quietly appealing story, played in a new and picturesque setting, makes this film a welcome change from the often stereotyped Hollywood product. A formidable Scot, the owner of the best sheep dog and the worst temper in all Scotland, dominates his neighbors and his daughter completely until a newcomer appears to upset the old order. The old man's dog, once suspected as a killer, yields the annual prize in the sheepherding trials to the stranger's entry and his daughter, too, develops a romantic interest in the young man. A pathetic note is struck when the old tyrant is forced to sacrifice his beloved dog. Director Robert Stevenson has capitalized on the splendid opportunity for scenic effects offered by the wild countryside. Will Fyfe, John Loder and Margaret Lockwood are well cast in an enjoyable family production. (*Gaumont-British*)

**ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS.** The notorious thief, Arsene Lupin, returns apparently from the dead to confound the French police and, at the same time, help them solve a perplexing jewel robbery. The story is managed with some suspense by an expert cast, including Melvyn Douglas, Warren William and Virginia Bruce. (*MGM*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## EVENTS

---

INTERNATIONAL tension appeared to be relaxing. . . . Dowager Queen Mary of England laughed at a stage play in London. . . . The King of Sweden won two tennis games. . . . Secretary Hull denied the charge that American diplomats are stuffed shirts. The story had caused apprehension in foreign capitals. A more serious accusation—that American diplomats are a "cane-carrying, spats-wearing" group—was viewed as an attempt to stir up jealousies among the peace-loving nations. . . . Rumors that Josef Stalin will run for a third term continued circulating. He enjoys the solid support of the mortician and firing-squad vote, has solved every Russian problem except the housing, wages, food, clothing and breathing problems. . . . New figures appeared on the national stage. An Ohio man became chief of the T. C. T. of W., I. (Tin Can Tourists of the World, Inc.). . . . A Dog-Catchers Ball was held in Iowa, to purchase license tags for indigent children's dogs. The Ball indicated a broader, more sympathetic view of the frustrations of indigent children, sociologists felt. . . . Wooden legs punctuated the news. . . . A Mexican lawyer's landlord held his artificial leg for back rent. He could not go out to make money to pay the rent. The action of the landlord was characterized as ill-chosen. . . . More than four thousand dollars was discovered in the wooden leg of a recently deceased Pennsylvanian. He had been drawing relief up to his death. . . . Idiosyncracies were revealed. A Montreal man was arrested for walking around with a bag containing a human skull. Police explained they did not object to his walking around or to the bag, but only to the extra skull. The man will have to take his walks with only one skull—his own—police declare. . . . Crime stalked. . . . Eighteen pairs of men's shorts were stolen from an Eastern police station. . . . A Midwest policeman was held up; his watch and money taken. This tendency to rob policemen rather than civilians was attributed to the fact that policemen have no one to protect them while civilians have policemen to protect them. . . .

3,000 Fred Smiths attended dinners throughout the country to celebrate the second anniversary of the Benevolent Order of Fred Smiths of America. The speakers in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas and Kansas City were Fred Smith, Fred Smith, Fred Smith, Fred Smith and Fred Smith. . . . Organization of a Society of Al Smiths was suggested. . . . Obsessions were studied. A Western youth steals the same gun each time he is released from jail. Efforts to have him steal some other gun have thus far failed. A preference for that particular gun is at the bottom of the obsession, psychiatrists believed. . . . New approaches to the automobile-accident problem were reported. . . . In California a judge has the cars of reckless drivers painted all over with red stripes. . . . An invention was announced from Boston. The device flashes a red light on the dashboard when a car is going forty miles an hour. When the car moves into sixty miles an hour, a music box plays: "Nearer My God to Thee." . . . At seventy miles, it plays: "How Many Stars Will There Be In My Crown?" . . .

In which city are these things happening, Moscow or New York? . . . The Borough President appoints a Communist, one Gerson, to public office. The Mayor refuses to do anything about it. The student publication of the City College of New York commences attacking the Catholic Church. One of the attacks is on convents. This college is a free institution paid for by taxpayers. Catholic taxpayers of New York must pay taxes to the city. The city sends part of the Catholic money to City College. The Catholic money then enables City College non-paying students to libel the Catholic Church. This is not Mr. Stalin's Moscow.

THE PARADER